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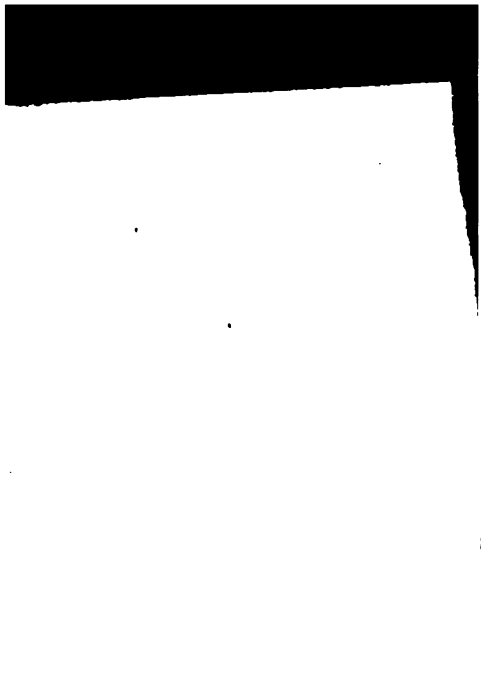

NRT

THE

WORKS

OF

GREEK AND ROMAN

POETS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

VOL. XI.

CONTAINING THE

SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES

OF

DRYDEN'S VERSION OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

LONDON:

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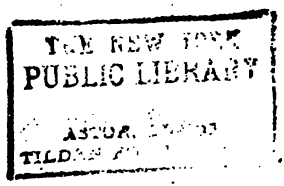
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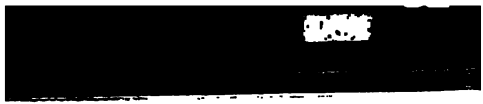

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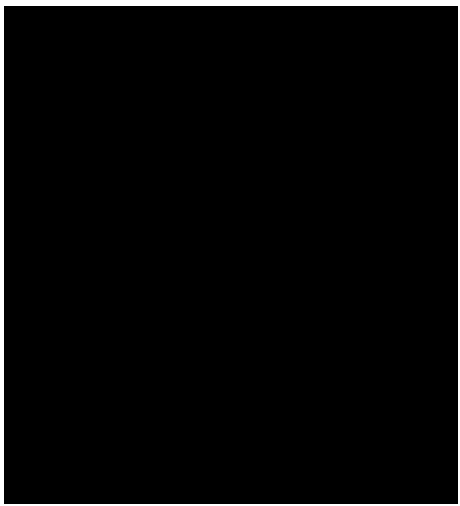
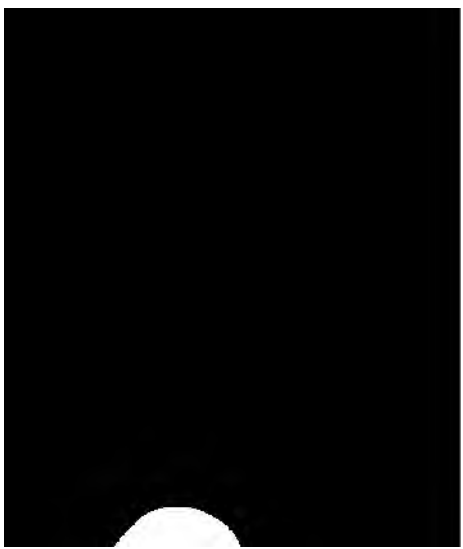


THE ÆNEIS.



ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

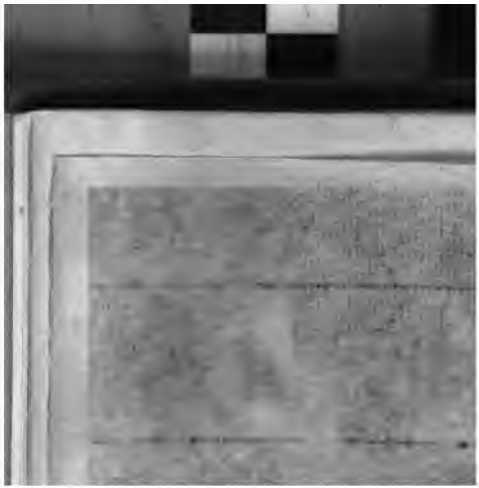
ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her Sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:

'My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright
My labouring soul! what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind:
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,

Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother, or of wife!
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
I grant, that, while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which heaven bestows,
On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Getulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound:
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.'
These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On every altar sacrifice renew;



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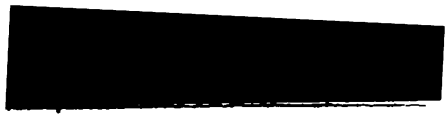


THE ÆNEIS.

Admits into her throne and nuptia
A wandering guest, who from his
Whole days with him she passes in
And wastes in luxury long winter
Forgetful of her fame, and royal t
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to he
The goddess widely spreads the
And flies at length to king Iarbas'
When first possess'd with this unw
Whom did he not of men and god
This prince, from ravish'd Garama
A hundred temples did with spoils
In Ammon's honour, his celestial a
A hundred altars fed with wakeful
And, through his vast dominions, p
Whose watchful care these holy rit
The gates and columns were with g
And blood of victim beasts enrich'
He, when he heard a fugitive co
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd
His breast with fiery burn'd his

thy bound hands the forky lightnings lance?
se are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
randering woman builds within our state
ttle town, bought at an easy rate;
pays me homage—(and my grants allow
arrow space of Libyan lands to plough);
, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
nits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
l now this other Paris, with his train
conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
hom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
ir locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
l I, rejected I, adore an empty name!'
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
l held his altar's horns: the mighty Thunderer
heard,
n cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
t in their loves, insensible of shame,
d both forgetful of their better fame.
calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
whom this menacing command he sends:
o, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
en, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
ere find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
slothful riot and inglorious ease,
r minds the future city, given by Fate.
him this message from my mouth relate:
t so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
y life with prayers; nor promis'd such a son,
ers was a hero, destin'd to command
martial race, and rule the Latian land;

And grudge the Romans their immortal nam
What are his vain designs? what hopes he m
From his long lingering on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain the' Ausonian coast?
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake
With this command the slumbering warrior
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western wind
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the ski
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wan
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow gr
Or this he drives them down the Stygian w
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to
His arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid s
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies—

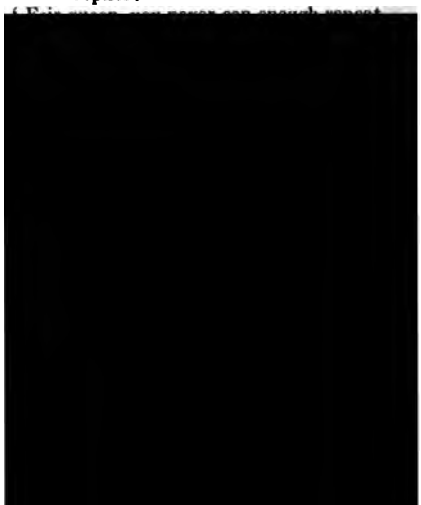
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flo
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect shov
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below
Like these, the steerage of his wings he pli
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homel
Now towers within the clouds advance thei
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New blueprints raising for the town's defen
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waist he wo
A sword, with glittering gems diversified,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his sid
Then thus, with winged words, the god be
Resuming his own shape—Degenerate m
Thou woman's property! what mak'st thou
These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to r
Forgetful of thy own?—All-powerful Jove
Who sways the world below and heaven ab
Has sent me down with this severe comma
What means thy lingering in the Libyan la
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure we
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius we
To whom the' Ausonian sceptre, and the st
Of Rome's imperial name, is ow'd by Fate
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his
Involv'd in clouds; and vanish'd out of sigl
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his

Revolving in his mind the stern com
He longs to fly, and loaths the charn
What should he say? or how should
What course, alas! remains, to steer
The' offended lover and the powerfu
This way, and that, he turns his anxi
And all expedients tries, and none ca
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of th
After long thought, to this advice he
Three chiefs he calls, commands ther
The fleet, and ship their men, with s
Some plausible pretence he bids the

/n she finds the dear perfidious man;
ats his form'd excuse, and thus began:
e and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
undiscover'd 'tempt a lover's eye?
could my kindness your compassion move,
plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
the death of a despairing queen
worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
when the wintry winds command your stay,
dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
as you are, suppose you were not bound
nds unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
e Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
r dared you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
r, by these holy vows, so late begun,
his right hand (since I have nothing more
challenge, but the faith you gave before),
g you by these tears too truly shed,
he new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
ver Dido, when you most were kind,
e pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
hese my prayers, if prayers may yet have place,
the fortunes of a falling race!
you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
ne'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
you alone, I suffer in my fame,
eft of honour, and expos'd to shame!
om have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
at only name remains of all the rest!)
at have I left? or whither can I fly?
t I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
ness, *that* proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sigh
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left.'

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds h
eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at leng
replies:—

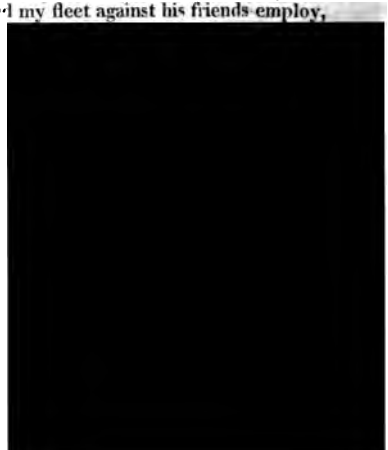


as the night obscures the skies
ld shades, or twinkling stars arise,
angry ghost in dreams appears,
y delay, and fills my soul with fears:
ng Ascanius justly may complain,
d of his fate and destin'd reign.
the herald of the gods appear'd—
I saw him, and his message heard.
re he came commission'd, heavenly bright
iant beams, and manifest to sight
der and the scene I both attest):
alls he enter'd, and those words express'd.
a, oppose not what the gods command:
y my fate, I leave your happy land.'
vhile he spoke, already she began
rkling eyes to view the guilty man,
ad to foot survey'd his person o'er,
er these outrageous threats forbore:
s thou art, and more than false, forsworn!
ng from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
n from harden'd entrails of a rock!
gh Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
uld I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
nce look, or lent a listening ear,
hen I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
ptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
s injustice why should I complain?
s, and Jove himself, behold in vain
iant treason: yet no thunder flies;
o views my wrongs with equal eyes:
s is earth, and faithless are the skies!
is fled, and truth is now no more!
he shipwreck'd exile on my shore;

And makes heaven accessory ...
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human
But go! thy flight no longer I detain—
Go! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the r
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulphury flame,
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal fran
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sl
At least my shade thy punishment shall kn
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news b
Abruptly here she stops—then turns awa
... loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of
... mind

forces: they with early care
ir vessels, and for sea prepare.
soon afloat, in all its pride;
ilk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
or oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
arms despoil'd the growing wood,
flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
bands that blacken all the shore:
de are seen, descending down,
ns of soldiers, loaden from the town.
talia, march embodied ants,
vinter, and of future wants,
the corn, and to their cells convey
'd forage of their yellow prey.
roops, along the narrow tracks,
the weighty burden on their backs:
eir shoulders to the ponderous grain;
the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
r several tasks, and equal toil sustain.
the tender breast of Dido tore,
the tower, she saw the cover'd shore,
the shouts of sailors from afar,
the murmurs of the watery war!
l Love! what changes canst thou cause
earts, subjected to thy laws!
her haughty soul the tyrant bends;
and mean submissions she descends,
arts or aids she left untried,
ls unexplor'd, before she died.
na! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
d their canvass, and their anchors weigh,
ng crew their ships with garlands bind,
sea-gods, and invite the wind.

I have thought this threatening blow so near,
nder soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
o not you my last request deny:
you perfidious man your interest try,
ring me news, if I must live or die.
re his favourite: you alone can find
ark recesses of his inmost mind:
his trusted secrets you have part,
now the soft approaches to his heart.
then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
im, I did not with the Grecians go,
d my fleet against his friends employ,



As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from every quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend;
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandied words; still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and even her sister, she conceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.

Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain—
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear:

h'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind
ns of love, or fix them on the mind:
, the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
ıe stars, and backward bears the sky.
ning earth rebellows to her call;
sts ascend; and mountain ashes fall.
ye gods, and thou my better part,
ı I am to try this impious art!
ıe secret court, with silent care,
ofty pile, expos'd in air:
the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
ms, and presents, of my faithless guest
der these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
ny ruin in his arms embrac'd.
of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
e priestess and her charms require.'
she said, and further speech forbears.
paleness in her face appears:
nistrustless Anna could not find
:t funeral, in these rites design'd:
ght so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
ng of a train conceal'd so well,
l no worse than when Sichæus fell;
: obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
ıe secret court, expos'd in air.
:n holms and pines are heap'd on high,
ands on the hollow spaces lie.
:ss, vervain, yew, compose the wreath;
y baleful green denoting death.
:n, determin'd to the fatal deed,
s and sword he left, in order spread,
man's image on the nuptial bed.
)w (the sacred altars plac'd around)
stess *enters, with* her hair unbound,
: *invokes the* powers below the ground.

d three Di...
th feign'd Avernian drops the hallow...
lls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
ith brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
ien mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
nd cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
obbing the mother's love.—The destin'd queen
bserves, assisting at the rites obscene:
leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
he holds; and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying bre
The heavens and planets conscious of her deat
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds or who revenges injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies cl
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the wo
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle flood
The stars in silent order mov'd around;
... wings, was brooding

hus she said within her secret mind:
all I do? what succour can I find?
a suppliant to Iarbas' pride,
my turn to court and be denied?
ith this ungrateful Trojan go,
n empire, and attend a foe?
I refug'd, and his train reliev'd—
—but am I sure to be receiv'd?
tude in Trojan souls have place?
n still lives in all his race!
ll I seek alone the churlish crew,
ny fleet their flying sails pursue?
ce have I but those, whom scarce before
luctant from their native shore?
again embark at my desire, [Tyre?
re sustain the seas, and quit their second
ith steel thy guilty breast invade,
the fortune thou thyself hast made.
y, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
ded too well what I design'd.
ar-bought pleasures had I never known—
ntinued free, and still my own—
love, I had not found despair,
d with savage beasts the common air.
u, a lonely life I might have led,
rn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.'
ughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—
l, the Trojan found more easy rest.
to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
r'd all things for his early flight.
once more the winged god appears:
er youthful mien and shape he wears,
this new alarm invades his ears:

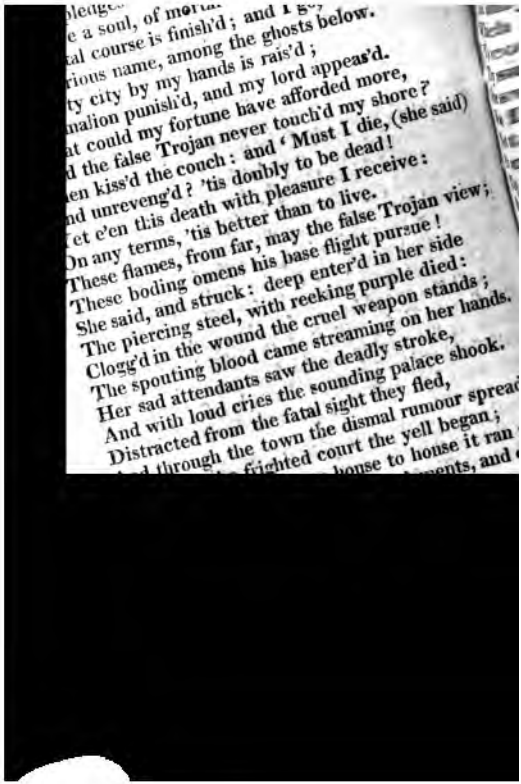
(And thou shalt find the dire [illegible]),
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power fly
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the ski
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.'
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flig
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay;
'Haste to your banks! your crooked anch
weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred power! what power soe'er thou art,
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart.

.ve the desert shores,
th labouring oars.
affron bed,
e heavens o'erspread,
een, with wakeful eyes,
n the rosy skies.
t the sea was void,
ing ships descried.
rious with despair,
breast, and tore her hair.
l traitor go (she said),
ıy love betray'd?
ush from every street,
rn, his perjur'd fleet?
out! pursue the foe!
set sail, and swiftly row!
ıere am I? Fury turns
temper'd bosom burns.
person and my throne,
d been more timely shown.
faith, the vaunted name,
ushing through the flame,
l to the Phrygian shore
le father bore!
ıim piecemeal—strow'd in

left expos'd in woods—
nd son—and from the fire
oy before the sire.
hich on battle wait!
, to souls secure of fate?
ıjur'd queen's command,
ımid the Trojan band;

At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fallen upon the pile, to mend the funeral
flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods!
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
The' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian land

avenger of our Libyan blood,
ınd sword pursue the perjur'd brood—
our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
ıme hate descend on all our heirs!'
d, within her anxious mind she weighs
ı of cutting short her odious days.
ichæus' nurse she briefly said
ı she left her country, hers was dead),
:e, call my sister. Let her care
n rites of sacrifice prepare;
, and all the' atoning offerings, bring;
her body from the crystal spring
g drops: then let her come; and thou
:d fillets bind thy hoary brow.
I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
he cares of my disastrous love;
the Trojan image on the fire;
at burns, my passion shall expire.'
se moves onward with officious care,
e speed her aged limbs can bear.
s Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
he mighty mischief she resolv'd.
spots distinguish'd was her face;
: her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her
:e:
ıe gaz'd; with pain she drew her breath;
'e shiver'd at approaching death.
viftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
ıts the funeral pile with furious haste;
the sword the Trojan left behind:
o dire an enterprise design'd.)
she view'd the garments loosely spread
:e he wore, and saw the conscious bed,



h despair,
r yellow hair,
id,
breaks the crowd,
his prepar'd,
se altars rear'd?
iv'd (said she),
e?
u in death pretend
thy friend?
friend had come:
, one common tomb:
owers invoke,
l stroke?
thyself and me,
hy colony!
und; while I in death
catch the flying breath.'
ile with eager haste,
ng queen embrac'd,
ier own garments tore,
ood, and cleanse the gore.
e her drooping head,
groveling on the bed;
es, and saw the light,
ken'd at the sight,
st in endless night.
at she should sustain
id so full of pain,
her from the strife
nd dissolve her life.
t doom'd by heaven's decree,
it human casualty,

And rage of love, that plung'd h
The Sisters had not cut the top
Which Proserpine and they ca
Nor made her sacred to the sh
Downward the various godde
And drew a thousand colours
Then stood above the dying l
And said, 'I thus devote the
This offering to the' infernal
Thus while she spoke, she c
The struggling soul was loc
in air.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

æas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies are performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burned four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts the watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage, through the curling sea;
Then casting back his eyes, with dire amaze
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.

Till neither fires nor shining shores they s
Now seas and skies their prospect only b
An empty space above, a floating field ar
But soon the heavens with shadows were o'
A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their
Livid it look'd—the threatening of a stor
Then night and horror ocean's face defor
The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud,
'What gusts of weather from that gather
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the temp
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to
The frighted crew perform the task assig
Then, to his fearless chief, 'Not heaven, (
Though Jove himself should promise Ital
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.
Mark, how the shifting winds from west
And what collected night involves the sk
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force their

sails : what place can please me more
promise, the Sicilian shore,
l earth Anchises' bones contains,
rince of Trojan lineage reigns?
olv'd, before the western wind
im, and make the port assign'd.
ceates, from a lofty stand,
:t descending on the land;
ndful of his ancient race,
e cliff he ran, with eager pace,
ero in a strict embrace.
byan bear the spoils he wore;
d a pointed javelin bore.
s a dame of Dardan blood;
us, a Sicilian flood.
his returning friends ashore
s country cates, and homely store.
the following morn had chas'd away
rs, and light restor'd the day,
ne Trojan troops around,
oke them from a rising ground:
heaven, divine Dardanian race!
lving through the' ethereal space,
rcle of the year has fill'd,
isle my father's ashes held:
rising day renews the year—
r sad, for ever dear.
celebrate with annual games,
altars pil'd, and holy flames,
1'd to Gætulia's barren sands,
Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
s happy storm our fleet has driven
:m, without the will of heaven)

And yearly games may spread the god's renown
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on every ship the king bestows:
His gods and ours shall spare your equal vows
Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy morn
Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
Light galleys on the seas shall run a watery ra
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend;
And others try the twanging bow to bend:
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall str
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd;
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,

ien the sepulchre he strow'd,
father's ghost bespoke aloud:
holy manes! hail again,
ss, now review'd in vain!
mitted not, that you with me
the promis'd shores of Italy,
lood, what flood soe'er it be.'
e finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
m the tomb began to glide;
k on seven high volumes roll'd;
breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly

n his curls, he seem'd to pass
along, and singe the grass.
colours through his body run,
en her bow imbibes the sun.
rising altars, and around,
onster shot along the ground;
s play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
holy food, the wonderous guest
llow tomb retir'd to rest.
nce, surpris'd at what he view'd,
onours with more zeal renew'd,
is the place's genius were,
f his father's sepulchre.
cording to the rites, he slew;
e, and steers of sable hue;
wine he from the goblets pour'd,
father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
dants in long order come,
gifts at great Anchises' tomb:
e oxen; some divide the spoil;
e *chargers* on the grassy soil;
fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light:
The bordering people, rouz'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel-wreaths, and palm—the victor's grace:
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims;

bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
en round the rock they steer, and seek the former
shores.
e lots decide their place. Above the rest,
ch leader shining in his Tyrian vest;
e common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
eir temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows:
smear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
l take their seats, and wait the sounding sign:
ey gripe their oars; and every panting breast
rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear de-
press'd.
e clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
t once they start, advancing in a line:
ith shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
ash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
arbles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
xact in time, with equal strokes they row:
t once the brushing oars and brazen prow
ash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths
below.
ot fiery coursers, in a chariot-race,
rvade the field with half so swift a pace:
ot the fierce driver with more fury lends
he sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,
ow to the wheels his pliant body bends.
he partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
nd aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
kies, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
rom woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.
Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
yas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before:
loanthus, better mann'd, pursued him fast;
But his *o'er-masted galley* check'd his haste.

She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd,
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
'Dear pledges of my love while heaven so plea
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?'

and, furious with despair,
ast, and rends her yellow hair,
Dido's name aloud,
the place, and breaks the crowd,
ip of woe for this prepar'd,
neral pile, these altars rear'd?
of plots contriv'd (said she),
e unhappy me?
t? Didst thou in death pretend
r, or delude thy friend?
ter and thy friend had come:
v'd us both, one common tomb:
pile, the powers invoke,
at the fatal stroke?
destroy'd thyself and me,
ate, and thy colony!
e the wound; while I in death
hers, and catch the flying breath.'
nts the pile with eager haste,
he gasping queen embrac'd,
l; and her own garments tore,
ming blood, and cleanse the gore.
to raise her drooping head,
ce fell groveling on the bed;
avy eyes, and saw the light,
it, sicken'd at the sight,
at last in endless night.
g that she should sustain
g, and so full of pain,
free her from the strife
e, and dissolve her life.
, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
, but human casualty,

hen stood above the dying lover's head,
nd said, ' I thus devote thee to the dead.
'his offering to the' infernal gods I bear.'
'hus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.

eir oars; and Fortune both supplies;
rhaps had shar'd an equal prize)
seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
from the watery powers demands:
liquid realms on which I row!
you, the laurel bind my brow,
ke me guilty of my vow!)
e bull shall on your shore be slain:
trails cast into the main,
ine from golden goblets thrown,
l gift and my return shall own.'
nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,
Panopea, heard his vow;
tunus, with his breadth of hand,
d sped the galley to the land.
aft, or winged wind, she flies,
to the port, obtains the prize.
l summons all, and then proclaims
nqueror of the naval games.
vith laurel crowns the victor's head;
t steers are to his vessel led—
ward—with generous wine beside,
silver, which the crew divide.
are distinguish'd from the rest;
onour'd with a nobler vest,
and purple strive in equal rows,
work its happy cost bestows.
mede is wrought with living art,
ugh Ida's groves the trembling hart:
e seems, yet eager to pursue;
loft descends, in open view,
Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
d talons bears the boy away.

In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.
  Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
And, summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd—
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore,
In single combat on the Trojan shore.
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess—
In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
But yet so ponderous with its plates of gold,

to the port the Centaur tends,
she wants in oars, with sails amends.
is galley sav'd, the grateful prince
the' unhappy chief to recompense:
ie Cretan slave, rewards his care,
i herself, with lovely twins as fair.
ience his way the Trojan hero bent
eighbouring plain, with mountains pent,
es were shaded with surrounding wood.
i midst of this fair valley stood
heatre, which, rising slow
grees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
silvan throne the leader sate;
us train attend in solemn state.
e, that in the rapid course delight,
honour, and the prize, invite.
runners without order stand;
ns, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
s, with Euryalus, appears—
a boy of blooming years,
ghtly grace and equal beauty crown'd—
friendship to the youth, renown'd.
xt, of Priam's royal race,
is, join'd with Patron, took their place;
on in Arcadia had his birth,
s, his from Acarnanian earth);
Sicilian youths—the names of these
ymus, and lovely Panopes
y huntsmen, both in forests bred,
ng old Acestes for their head),
ral others of ignobler name,
ne has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
e the *hero thus* his thoughts explain'd,
vhich general approbation gain'd:—

silver-studded axe, and [illegible]
he foremost three have olive-wreaths decreed.
he first of these obtains a stately steed
dorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied:
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.
The third this Grecian helmet shall content.'
He said. To their appointed base they went;
With beating hearts the' expected sign receive,
And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew
And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste
The next, but, though the next, yet far disjoi
Came Salius; and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied,
Step after step, and almost side by side,
[illegible] pressing—and, in longer spac
[illegible]

then, Euryalus, of thee,
ered bonds of amity,
' immediate rival's hope to cross,
ie foot of Salius as he rose:
extended on the plain:
igs out, the prize to gain,
e crowd:—applauding peals attend
he goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
s; and then Diores came,
tunes made the third in fame.
nters, and, exclaiming loud
afens and disturbs the crowd;
ie may in the court be heard;
e prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
· Euryalus appears;
beauty, with his tender years,
e judges for the promis'd prize;
es fills the court with cries,
aches at the last reward,
lm on Salius be conferr'd.
prince: ' Let no disputes arise:
ie plac'd it, I award the prize.
errors give me leave to mend,
y my deserving friend.' ·
from among the spoils, he draws
ith shaggy mane and golden paws)
to Salius this he gives:
vy sees the gift, and grieves.
rds to vanquish'd men are due
! falling is to rise by you,
ay Nisus from your bounty claim,
the first rewards and fame?
h an *equal fortune* tried;
e *for my fall so* well provide!'

id caus'd to be produc[illegible]
f wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
ong since from Neptune's bars in triumph brou
his given to Nisus, he divides the rest,
nd equal justice in his gifts express'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
Once more the prince bespeaks the attentive crow
' If there be here, whose dauntless courage dar
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renev
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief:
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield
And loud applauses echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand
[illegible] mighty Paris, hand to hand;
[illegible] undertook

then the sepulchre he strow'd,
is father's ghost bespoke aloud:
e holy manes! hail again,
hes, now review'd in vain!
ermitted not, that you with me
:h the promis'd shores of Italy,
flood, what flood soe'er it be.'
he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
rom the tomb began to glide;
alk on seven high volumes roll'd;
s breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly
:
; on his curls, he seem'd to pass
re along, and singe the grass.
us colours through his body run,
/hen her bow imbibes the sun.
e rising altars, and around,
monster shot along the ground;
ese play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
is lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
ith holy food, the wonderous guest
hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
rince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
honours with more zeal renew'd,
this the place's genius were,
1 of his father's sepulchre.
according to the rites, he slew;
/ine, and steers of sable hue;
)us wine he from the goblets pour'd,
is father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
tendants in long order come,
:ir gifts at great Anchises' tomb:
iore oxen; some divide the spoil;
the chargers on the grassy soil;
he fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

The gloves of death, with ...
Of tough bull-hides: the space within is ...
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
What had your wonder (said Entellus) been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green
These, which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore
With these he long sustain'd the' Herculean arms
And these I wielded while my blood was warm
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd
But, if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use
If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
With equal arms perform the fight;
... since I resign ...

n aiming blows they bear afar;
uuntlets then provoke the war.
h and pliant limbs relies;
rs, and his giant size.
with age, his motion slow;
reath; he staggers to and fro;
ssuing smoke his nostrils loudly

:cess, they ward, they strike;
different, but their art alike.
the blows are dealt; around
les the rattling thumps resound.
kes, well meant, with fury flies,
their temples, ears, and eyes—
; for oft the gauntlet draws
ke along the crackling jaws.
, Entellus stands his ground,
rping body wards the wound.
atchful eye keep even pace;
werses, and shifts his place,
ain who beleaguers round
ilt castle on a rising ground,
proaches with observing eyes;
her part in vain he tries,
dustry than force relies.
igh, Entellus threats the foe;
h'd the motion from below,
, and shunn'd the long-descending

his forces on the wind,
ed of the stroke design'd,
eavy fell: his ample breast,
nbs, his ancient mother press'd.

And shouts and mingled ...
Acestes runs with eager haste, to raise
The fallen companion of his youthful days.
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd:
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with f
burn'd.
Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast;
And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allow
But storms of strokes descend about his ho
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who saw the wild incre
Of wounds, commands the combatants to ce
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the pe
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame
'What fury seiz'd my friend? The gods (a
To him propitious, and averse to thee,
... his arm superior force to thine

The champion, then, before Æneas came,
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
'O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know,
From what impending fate you sav'd my foe.'
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd the skull.
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
Then thus: 'In Dares' stead I offer this.
Eryx! accept a nobler sacrifice:
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield:
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.'
This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers, with contending bows.
The mast, Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore.
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names: the lots are drawn;
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon:
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd,
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Acestes, in the bottom, last remain'd,
Whom not his age *from* youthful sports restrain'd.

tween.
The first young Priam led—a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was the' unhappy king of Tr
(His race in after-times was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name)—
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed becam
White were the fetlocks of his feet before;
And on his front a snowy star he bore.
Then beauteous Atys, with Iülus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place',
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius, on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts ren
And all the parents in the children view;
Their make, their motions, and their sprightl
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
[illegible] commanders, and their mart

They meet; they wheel; they throw their darts a
With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun;
Broken, they break; and, rallying, they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fol
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denied recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase
In circles, when they swim around the watery ra
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought;
Show'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art:
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they na
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate:
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gathering crowd; and, gliding then
The *desert shore*, and fleet without defence.

Their pity to themselves.
'Alas! (said one) what oceans yet remain
For us to sail! what labours to sustain!'
All take the word, and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pa
And in a woman's form her heavenly limbs rest
In face and shape, old Beroë she became,
Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once blest'd with riches, and a mother's name
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she r
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words be
'O wretched we! whom not the Grecian pc
Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy ho
O wretched we! reserv'd by cruel Fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now seven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsperous voyage we begun;
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
Wandering in exile, through the stormy se
Seeking Italy.

leep I saw her; she supplied my hands
· this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
ith these (said she) these wandering ships de-
stroy:
iese are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.'
ie calls you now; the precious hour employ:
:k not the good presage, while heaven inspires
· minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
! Neptune's altars minister their brands:
: god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands.'
:n, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,
l, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.
)t in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
:n Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
'go, the nurse of Priam's numerous race,
o Beroë this, though she belies her face!
at terrors from her frowning front arise!
iold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
at rays around her heavenly face are seen!
rk her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!
'oë but now I left, whom, pin'd with pain,
· age and anguish from these rites detain.'
said. The matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
l their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.
:y fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
:y hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
: goddess, having done her task below, [bow.
unts up on equal wings, and bends her painted
iek with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
: matrons prosecute their mad design:
:y shriek aloud: they snatch, with impious hands,
: food of altars: firs and flaming brands,
:en boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,
l smoking torches, on the ships they cast.

And seizes, in his way, ...
Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes
A storm of sparkles, and of flames, arise.
Ascanius took the' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed,
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd;
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haste
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew:
'What madness moves you, matrons! to dest
The last remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Ascanius!'—While he said
He drew his glittering helmet from his head
In which the youths to sportful arms he led
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and
[illegible]'d to woods and caverns take their
[illegible] the light.

Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends or mounts, but still prevails;
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.
The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and, with his hands, his vows.
'O Jove! (he cried) if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train!
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free!
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below.'
Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise.
From pole to pole, the forky lightning flies:
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:
Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing through the planks, the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates,—or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise—to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was foreshown—
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd—
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful words reliev'd his labouring mind:

'O goddess-born! resign'd in every state,
With patience bear, with prudence push, your fate.
By suffering well, our fortune we subdue;
Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
Too numerous for the ships which yet remain—
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
With all the dastard crew who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land.

npious ghosts my soul remains,
th the damn'd, perpetual pains,
he living air of soft Elysian plains.
ylla shall your steps convey,
ffer'd victims free the way.
i know what realms the gods assign,
fates and fortunes of your line.
ell! I vanish with the night,
ant of heaven's approaching light.'
x'd with shades, and took his airy

st? (the filial duty cried)
why the wish'd embrace denied?
ose: as holy zeal inspires,
mbers, and renews the fires;
ds and Vesta then adores
l incense, and their aid implores.
iends and royal host he sent,
sion, and the god's intent,
urpose.—All, without delay,
ve, and his desires, obey.
women each degenerate name,
hazard life for future fame.
hier. The brave remaining few,
ad cables, half consum'd, renew.
igns a city with the plough:
several tenements allow.
m'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
ing ascends the throne with joy:
e from the people draws;
idges, and ordains the laws.
op of Eryx, they begin
to the Paphian queen.

nchises, last, is honour'd as a god:
priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
And groves are planted round his bless'd abode.
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.
Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
women, the degenerate train
of the main,

le to consume the town
/orld, and wore the imperial crown,
he ghost of Troy with pains,
i to the bones, the last remains.
es of her hatred tell;
sess its effects too well.
m she rais'd on Libyan floods,
nountain billows with the clouds;
Eolus, she took the main,
llion in your watery reign.
sess'd the Dardan dames,
eet with execrable flames,
s, when his ships were lost,
owers on a foreign coast.
s, your godhead I implore,
n to your protecting power.
nor Fate's decree withstand,
ge to the Latian land.'
mighty ruler of the main:
Venus hope from Neptune's reign?
ms your birth: my late defence
'd fleet may claim your confidence.
than sea my deeds declare,
lov'd Æneas is my care.
and thee, Simois! I attest—
ops when proud Achilles press'd,
e him headlong on the plain,
st the walls the trembling train;
e fill'd with bodies of the slain;
anthus, doubtful of his way,
es to behold the sea [way);
ie tumbling in, and chok'd his
s fought, but fought with odds
, and unequal gods;

I spread a cloud before the victor's s
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sough
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful
My will's the same: fair goddess! fe
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latia
Their lives are given: one destin'd h
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone

Thus having arm'd with hopes her
His finny team Saturnian Neptune jo
[redacted] adds the foamy bridle to their
[redacted] permits th

urus, art his destin'd prey;
ne he takes his fatal way.
s to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;
ag on thy prow, the form of Phorbas
s.
he traitor god began his tale:
, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
without thy care, securely sail.
in hour of sweet repose; and I
e rudder, and thy room supply.'
he yawning pilot, half asleep:
hou bid to trust the treacherous deep,
miles of her dissembling face,
faith commit the Trojan race?
eve the Siren South again,
tray'd, not know the monster main?'
is fasten'd hands the rudder keep;
n heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
s wroth, and at his temples threw [dew:
Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian
anquish'd by the power divine,
his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
e his limbs extended at their length;
sulting with superior strength,
on him, plung'd him in the sea,
he stern, the rudder tore away.
e fell, and, struggling in the main,
or helping hands, but cried in vain.
dæmon mounts obscure in air;
hip sails without the pilot's care.
e's faith the floating fleet relies:
e man forsook, the god supplies;
e dangerous deep, secure the navy flies;
he *Sirens'* cliffs, a shelfy coast,
ous *for* ships and sailors lost,

And white with bones. The' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
'For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.'

[redacted]

Bea
ocean
shores
l foun
nd.
f
he she
breast
press'd
ttering
unknow

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should m
in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to
various scenes of that place, and conducting hin
father Anchises, who instructs him in those subli
stacies of the soul of the world, and the transmigrati
shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to
from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept; then spread his sails be
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman sh
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels m
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to
And greet with greedy joy the' Italian stran
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery s
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to fee
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the wooc
Or trace through valleys the discover'd flooc
Thus while their several charges they fulfil,
The *pious prince* ascends the sacred hill

Thence run of [illegible]
Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now benea
And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by Fame,
To the Cumæan coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
Then, o'er the lofty gate, his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and (offerings to his ghost)
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to these the dreadful urn was plac'd
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast
The mournful parents stand around in tears;
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen;
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's ey[illegible]

d all those erring paths describ'd so well,
at Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
ere hapless Icarus had found his part,
d not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
wice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
ch varying object his delight renew'd.
ger to read the rest——Achates came,
nd by his side the mad divining dame,
he priestess of the god, Deïphobe her name.
Time suffers not, (she said) to feed your eyes
ith empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
even bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
nd for Diana seven unspotted ewes.'
his said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
/hile to the temple she the prince invites.
spacious cave, within its farmost part,
/as hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
hrough the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
hundred doors a hundred entries grace:
s many voices issue, and the sound
f Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
low to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries,
This is the time! inquire your destinies!
le comes! behold the god!' Thus while she said
And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
Her colour chang'd; her face was not the same;
and hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breast.
greater than human kind she seem'd to look,
nd, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.

' Why this delay? (she cries,
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god
She said no more. The trembling Trojans he
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
' Indulgent god! propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy!
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part
Thus far, by Fate's decrees and thy commun
Through ambient seas and through devouring
Our exil'd crew has sought the' Ausonian gr
And now, at length, the flying coast is foun
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to pl
With fury has pursued her wandering race.
Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengean
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
[illegible] of things in dark futurity!
[illegible]

Preserv'd in shrines: and every sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey—
All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the powers, ordain, relate.'
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd;
Commands his entrance, and, without controul,
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
'Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
The coast, so long desir'd, (nor doubt the' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars, I view—a field of blood,
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simoïs nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
Driven to solicit aid at every court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd—
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.

The' ambiguous god, ...
breast,
In these mysterious words his mind express'
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the re
At length her fury fell; her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new.
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
The Fates, without my power, shall be with
This let me crave; since near your grove the
To hell lies open, and the dark abode,
Which Acheron surrounds, the' innavigable flo
Conduct me through the regions void of li
And lead me longing to my father's sight.
For him, a thousand dangers I have sough
And, rushing where the thickest Grecians
Safe on my back the sacred burden brou
He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,
And wrath of heaven (my still auspicious
... beyond the strength decrepit

your praises of her mighty reign.
s, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
ess king with pity could inspire,
the shades below redeem his wife;
, offering his alternate life,
e his brother, and can daily go
aloft, by turns descend below;—
e I Theseus, or his greater friend,
the downward path, and upward could
cend?—
han theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
er greater, my descent the same.'
the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
upon the holy altar laid.
s replied the propheteess divine:
ess-born, of great Anchises' line!
s of hell are open night and day;
he descent, and easy is the way:
eturn, and view the cheerful skies—
e task and mighty labour lies.
reat Jupiter imparts this grace,
e of shining worth, and heavenly race.
those regions and our upper light,
ests and impenetrable night
he middle space: the' infernal bounds
with his sable waves, surrounds.
) dire a love your soul invades,
below to view the trembling shades;
) hard a toil will undertake,
to pass the' innavigable lake;
my counsel. In the neighbouring grove
unds a tree; the queen of Stygian Jove

This from the ...
And to fair Proserpine the present ...
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent, a second will arise;
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command:
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain;
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel, ar
Besides, you know not, while you here atte
The' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend
Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your hos
Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;
Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
This done, securely take the destin'd way
... destitute of day.'

ud an object to deplore:
ded on the shore—
winds:—none so renown'd,
pet in the field to sound,
rass to kindle fierce alarms,
their fate in honourable arms.
lector, and was ever near,
pet only, but his spear.
irm when Hector fell,
stpd he chose as well.
ne, and aiming still at more,
the sea-gods from the shore.
i heard the martial sound,
apion, for his challenge, drown'd;
gled carcass on the strand.—
around the body stand.
et Æneas mourns his fate;
rform the funeral state.
ately pile they rear;
elow, and top advanc'd in air.
fit for the work design'd
: of the savage kind),
l: the sounding axe is plied:
tch-trees, and the towering pride
el the fatal stroke;
ges cleave the stubborn oak.
es, fell'd from the steepy crown
tains, roll with ruin down.
it the Trojan prince appears,
labour, urges theirs.
ught, revolving in his mind
ass what his wish design'd,
pon the gloomy grove,
vs implor'd the queen of love:

Two doves, descending
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pr
'Be you my guides, with your auspicious ai
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be fo
Whose glittering shadow gilds the sacred gr
And thou, great parent! with celestial care
In this distress, be present to my prayer.'
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs
shew.
They fed, and, fluttering, by degrees with
Still farther from the place; but still in vi
Hopping and flying thus they led him on
To the slow lake; whose baleful stench t
They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stoo
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears t
bough.
Through the green leaves the glitterin
glow;
[illegible] wintery mist

palace bore the prize.
jan troops, with weeping eyes,
ıay his obsequies.
und, a lofty pile they rear,
ıs, and pines, and unctuous fir:
with cypress twigs they strew,
s with boughs of baleful yew.
his glittering arms adorn;
ı, in brazen caldrons borne,
ı his body, joint by joint;
he stiffen'd limbs anoint.
ries Misenus they deplore:
ith purple cover'd o'er,
ly, thus bewail'd, they lay,
their faces turn'd away:
es their fathers us'd to pay.)
ise on the fire they throw,
s, which his friends bestow.
eedy flames to dust devour:
g coals, red wine they pour;
ques by themselves dispose,
urn the priests inclose.
upass'd thrice the crew,
e-branch in holy dew;
prinkled round; and thrice aloud
and then dismiss'd the crowd.
s order'd on the shore
hose top a trumpet bore,
n, and a seaman's oar.
ıd interr'd: and deathless fame
ape consigns his name.
orm'd, the prince without delay
her world, his destin'd way.

No bird presumes to ...
Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their h
Then cuts the curling hair; that first ol
burns,
Invoking Hecat hither to repair—
A powerful name in hell and upper air.
The sacred priests, with ready knives, bere
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and
(The sable wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers; and, by Fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills:
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he
... on the broiling entrails, oil he pou
... flame dar

Trojan, take the way thy fates afford:
ne thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.'
id, and pass'd along the gloomy space:
prince pursued her steps with equal pace.
e realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight!
e gods, who rule the regions of the night!
Ye gliding ghosts! permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.
Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes,
Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep
(Forms terrible to view), their sentry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes,
Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
The god of sleep there hides his heavy head;
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,
Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;

Offering his brand...
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his ...
And told him what those empty phantoms were
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene atti
He spreads his canvass; with his pole he steers
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bot
bears.
He look'd in years; yet, in his years, were sc
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried m
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
...tomb'd before their father's ...
...icks, and feebl

ehreld, with wondering eyes,
d with shrieks, laments, and cries,
e, what the rude concourse meant?
e the thronging people bent?
w among the ghosts were us'd?
ferried o'er, and some refus'd!
s? offspring of the gods!
you see the Stygian floods,
ns, which heaven's imperial state
and fears to violate.
ted are the' unhappy crew
lchres and funeral due:
haron: those, the buried host
to the farther coast;
ansport vessel cross the waves
bones are not compos'd in graves.
they wander on the shore;
penance done, are wafted o'er.'
f his forward pace repress'd,
us thoughts within his breast.
ls, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
nours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet
l.
pis in the crowd he knew,
ader of the Lycian crew,
Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
ter'd, and the ship o'erset.
its, Palinurus press'd,
ife, a new-admitted guest,
steering view'd the stars, and bore
Afric to the Latian shore,
own. The Trojan fix'd his view,
rough the gloom the sullen shadow

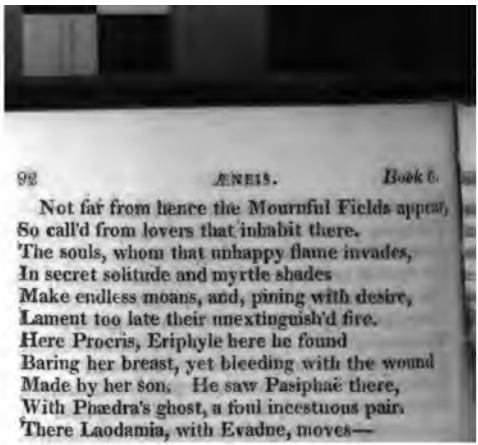
rias in your late ...
The god foretold you should ...
You reach'd, secure from seas, the' Italian ...
Is this the' unerring power?'—The ghost replied
'Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But, while the stars and course of heaven I keep,
My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd,
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blustering nights, borne by the southern
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mounting wave, my head I bore,
Forcing my strength, and gathering to the sh
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members ea
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes
... covetous of prey,

ful passage o'er the Stygian lake),
is wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
set banks of yon forbidden shore.'
. he said; the prophetess began:
oes delude thee, miserable man?
ou, thus unintomb'd to cross the floods,
ne Furies and infernal gods,
without leave, the dark abodes?
: term of long revolving years:
he dooming gods, are deaf to tears [2].
ort of thy dire misfortune take—
of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
eance shall pursue the' inhuman coast,
ropitiate thy offended ghost,
a tomb, with vows and solemn prayer;
urus' name the place shall bear.'
d his cares—sooth'd with his future fame,
d to hear his propagated name.
arer to the Stygian lake they draw:
m the shore, the surly boatman saw;
heir passage through the shady wood,
d their near approaches to the flood:
he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
vhate'er, who this forbidden path
esum'st to tread! I charge thee, stand,
y name, and business in the land.

[2] Dr. Carey reads prayers.

—g ——men of ma
And from the' immortal gods th
In fetters one the barking porte
And took him trembling from his
Two sought by force to seize his l
To whom the Sibyl thus: 'Com
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, no
Still may the dog the wandering
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilt
And with her grisly lord his lovel
The Trojan chief, whose lineage
Much fam'd for arms, and more fi
Is sent to seek his sire in your El
If neither piety, nor heaven's com
Can gain his passage to the Stygia
This fatal present shall prevail, at
Then show'd the shining bough,
her vest.
No more was needful: for the glo
Stood mute with awe, to see the g
Admir'd the destin'd offering to hi

ner landed, in his den they found
iple porter of the Stygian sound,
Cerberus, who soon began to rear
ested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
rudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before
eedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
hree enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
unger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
raughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
ls, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
eeper charm'd, the chief without delay
on, and took the irremeable way.
the gates, the cries of babes new-born,
Fate had from their tender mothers torn,
t his ears: then those, whom form of laws
mn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
ant they lots, nor judges to review
rongful sentence, and award a new.
, the strict inquisitor, appears;
ves and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
es the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
ext, in place and punishment, are they
rodigally threw their souls away—
who, repining at their wretched state,
athing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
ate repentance, now they would retrieve
odies they forsook, and wish to live;
pains and poverty desire to bear,
w the light of heaven, and breathe the vital
ate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
with nine *circling streams*, the captive souls
inclose.



Not far from hence the Mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves—

thus attempts her mind to move
and prayers, and late-repenting love.
ly she look'd; then turning round,
er eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
he says and swears, regards no more
leaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
l away, to shun his hateful sight,
forest, and the shades of night;
ht Sichæus through the shady grove,
er'd all her cares, and equal'd all her
ve.
s tears the pitying hero paid,
'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
the forward way, by Fate ordain'd,
his guide, the further fields attain'd,
ver'd from the rest, the warrior souls
emain'd.
met, with Meleager's race,
of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
Adrastus with his ghastly face.
chiefs he view'd a numerous train,
amented, all in battle slain—
id Medon, high above the rest,
ons, and Ceres' sacred priest,
Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
s his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
me ghosts, in circling troops, attend,
unwearied eyes behold their friend:
hover near, and long to know
ness brought him to the realms below.
ive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
efulgent arms flash'd through the shady
lain,

But the weak voice [illegible]
Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continued
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth ap
Spoil'd of his nose and shorten'd of his ea
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be know
And therefore first began: 'O Teucer's ra
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface
What heart could wish, what hand inflic
dire disgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that, in our last and fatal nig
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fig
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you c
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan
The place your armour and your name
Your body too I sought, and, had I fou
[illegible]'d for burial in your native grou

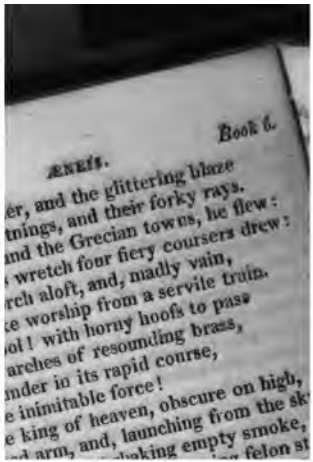
ıtal horse, descending down,
rms, o'erwhelm'd the' unhappy town,
urnal orgies; left my bed,
ı Trojan dames, the dances led;
igh her torch, the signal made,
ıe Grecians from their ambuscade.
overworn, with cares oppress'd,
laid me down to rest;
p my weary limbs possess'd.
worthy wife our arms mislaid,
ath my head, my sword convey'd;
:h'd, and, with repeated calls,
ıer lord within my walls.
ne her confidence she plac'd,
reasons would redeem the past.
ore? Into the room they ran,
ırder'd a defenceless man.
born, first led the way.—
rs! with justice if I pray,
ı their own another day!
ı; and in your turn relate,
you, living, to the Stygian state.
winds and errors of the sea,
ven's superior doom obey?
her chance conducts your way,
nortal eyes, our dark retreats,
ırments of the' infernal seats.'
n talk, the flying hours they pass,
ıish'd more than half his race:
aps, in words and tears had spent
of stay which heaven had lent:
ibyl chides their long delay:
down, and headlong drives the day;

ric wav'd a torch aloft, and, madl
Sought godlike worship from a se
Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs
O'er hollow arches of resounding
To rival thunder in its rapid cour
And imitate inimitable force!
But he, the king of heaven, obscu
Bar'd his red arm, and, launching f
His writhen bolt, not shaking emp
Down to the deep abyss the flamin
There Tityus was to see, who took
From heaven, his nursing from the
Here his gigantic limbs, with large
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture, in his open'd si
Her crooked beak and cruel talons
Still for the growing liver digg'd his
The growing liver still supplied the
Still are his entrails fruitful to their
The' immortal hunger lasts, the' im
Ixion and

:y, who brothers' better claim disown,
eir parents and usurp the throne;
their clients, and, to lucre sold,
ling on unprofitable gold—
e not give, and e'en refuse to lend,
poor kindred or a wanting friend—
he throng of these; nor less the train
il youths, for foul adultery slain—
deserters, who their honour sold,
ely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
: within the dungeon's depth remain,
ng pardon, and expecting pain.
what pains; nor further seek to know
ocess, or the forms of law below.
ll a mighty stone; some, laid along,
nd with burning wires, on spokes of wheels
are hung.
r Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
ry Fate on his eternal chair:
tched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
arning make the world more just or wise),
righteousness, and dread the' avenging
deities.'
its others have their country sold,
g foreign lords for foreign gold:
ve old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
he people pleas'd, but as they paid.
:est some their daughters' bed profan'd.
l the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd,
attain'd.
hundred months, a hundred tongues,
oats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
not half those horrid crimes repeat,
the punishments those crimes have met.

'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides:
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides:
The left to that unhappy region tends
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends—
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.'
Then thus Deïphobus: 'O sacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd.
Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.'
He said: and, while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.

replied: 'The chaste and holy maid
orbidden this polluted place.
cat, when she gave to rule the woods,
d me trembling through these dire abodes,
ught the tortures of the' avenging gods.
are the realms of unrelenting Fate;
wful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
ars and judges each committed crime;
res into the manner, place, and time.
onscious wretch must all his acts reveal
to confess, unable to conceal),
the first moment of his vital breath,
is last hour of unrepenting death.
ight, o'er the guilty ghost the Fury shakes
sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,
d the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.
en, of itself, unfolds the' eternal door:
ith dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
ou see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
ommands the guard, what sentries keep the post.
fore formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,
And twice as deep, as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within the' unfa-
thom'd space.
Here lie the' Aloëan twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thunderer to defy,
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus, suffering cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound



ÆNEIS. Book 6.

er, and the glittering blaze
tnings, and their forky rays.
nd the Grecian towns, he flew:
wretch four fiery coursers drew:
rch aloft, and, madly vain,
e worship from a servile train.
ol! with horny hoofs to pass
arches of resounding brass,
nder in its rapid course,
e inimitable force!
e king of heaven, obscure on high,
d arm, and, launching from the sk
shaking empty smoke,
felon st

youths, for foul adultery slain—
eserters, who their honour sold,
broke their faith for bribes of gold.
ithin the dungeon's depth remain,
pardon, and expecting pain.
it pains; nor further seek to know
ss, or the forms of law below.
mighty stone; some, laid along,
rith burning wires, on spokes of wheels
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ite on his eternal chair:
Phlegyas warns the world with cries
g make the world more just or wise),
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laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
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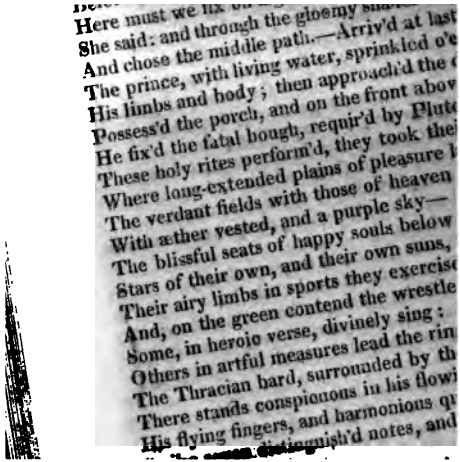

Here must we fix
She said: and through the gloomy
And chose the middle path.—Arriv'd at last
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'e
His limbs and body; then approach'd the
Possess'd the porch, and on the front abov
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Plute
These holy rites perform'd, they took thei
Where long-extended plains of pleasure l
The verdant fields with those of heaven
With æther vested, and a purple sky—
The blissful seats of happy souls below
Stars of their own, and their own suns,
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise
And, on the green contend the wrestle
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing:
Others in artful measures lead the rin
The Thracian bard, surrounded by th
There stands conspicuous in his flowi
His flying fingers, and harmonious qu
distinguish'd notes, and

ı laurel shade, where mighty Po
p to woods above, and hides his head below:
riots live, who, for their country's good,
g-fields, were prodigal of blood:
unblemish'd lives here make abode,
s worthy their inspiring god:
hing wits, of more mechanic parts,
'd their age with new-invented arts;
o, to worth, their bounty did extend,
: who knew that bounty to commend.
ı of these with holy fillets bound,
ıeir temples were with garlands crown'd.
ıe the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
to him surrounded by the rest—
g his height, and ample was his breast)—
py souls! divine Musæus! say,
es Anchises, and where lies our way
ıe hero, for whose only sake
t the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter
e sacred poet thus replied: [lake?'
:'d place the happy souls reside,
we live, and lie on mossy beds,
streams, that murmur through the meads:
yon easy hill, and thence descend;
conducts you to your journey's end.'
he led them up the mountain's brow,
s them all the shining fields below.
ıd the hill, and through the blissful
neadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the
Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by F
For future being and new bodies wait—
With studious thought observ'd the illustric
In Nature's order as they pass'd along—
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and
In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling te
'Welcome, (he said) the gods' undoubted
O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 'tis given me to behold your
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'
The happy day approach'd; nor are
deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have

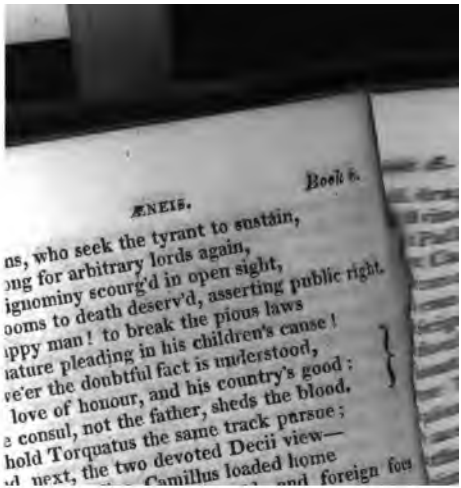
vale, the Trojan sees
through which a gentle breeze
ıg breath, and whispers through
ı:
he confines of the wood,
e leads her silent flood.
ı an airy nation flew,
ing bees, that hunt the golden dew
; on tops of lilies feed,
heir bells, to suck the balmy seed:
roams the field around;
e rocks remurmur to the sound.
stood, then ask'd the cause,
am the crowding people draws.
:: 'The souls that throng the flood
n, by Fate, are other bodies ow'd:
ey long oblivion taste,
ure, forgetful of the past.
desir'd this time and place,
r sight your glorious race,
g joy may fire your mind,
s by destiny design'd.'—
be, that souls sublime
r terrestrial clime,
rous mind, releas'd by death,
bs, and mortal breath?'
order, thus begun
nders to his godlike son: [frame,
t heaven, and earth's compacted
rs, and the starry flame,
ant lights, one common soul
—and animates the whole.
infus'd through all the space,
es with the mighty mass.

e men and beasts the breath of life obtai
birds of air, and monsters of the main.
ethereal vigour is in all the same;
every soul is fill'd with equal flame—
nuch as earthy limbs, and gross allay
mortal members subject to decay,
nt not the beams of heaven and edge of da
m this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
sire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
d grief, and joy: nor can the groveling min
the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
ssert the native skies, or own its heavenly kin
or death itself can wholly wash their stains;
ut long-contracted filth e'en in the soul rema
he relics of inveterate vice they wear;
nd spots of sin obscene in every face appea
For this are various penances enjoin'd;
nd some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
others purg'd in fires,

b'ring of its former pain,
ıffer mortal flesh again.'
d, the father-spirit leads
ıd his son through swarms of shades,
ing ground, from thence to see
ssion of his progeny.
ed the sire) this airy throng,
ıe view, they pass along.
Italian names, which Fate will join
graff upon the Trojan line.
uth who first appears in sight,
ıearest station to the light,
to snuff the vital air,
forward on a shining spear:
y last-begotton race,
er sent, to fill thy place—
, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
ıert of a shady wood,
ia, thy surviving wife,
roves, to lead a solitary life.
ll fix his royal seat,
ng, a race of kings beget;—
ıonour of the Trojan name,
nitor, of endless fame.
ıs after these appears—
for thy name he bears—
ustice equally renown'd;
ır'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
y look; how vigorously they wield
lances, and sustain the shield!
crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
alls and strong Fidenæ rear:
ola, with Pometia, found;
ıtian towers on rocky ground.

All these shall then be towns of mighty fa
Though now they lie obscure, and lands w
See Romulus the great, born to restore
The crown that once his injur'd grandsire
This prince a priestess of our blood shall b
And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests his royal head adorn:
Born from a god, himself to godhead born,
His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks his seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to co
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Ro

approach, already make
ogdoma, and Mæotian lake.
old the tempest from afar;
g oracles denounce the war.
knocking at his sevenfold gates,
idden spring, and fears his nephew's
nore lands or labours knew, [fates.
brazen-footed hind he slew,
hus from the foaming boar,
arrows in Lernæan gore;
urning from his Indian war,
n triumphant in his car,
ıp descending on the plains,
ines around his purple reins.
yet through dangers to pursue
onour, and a crown in view?—
man, who from afar appears,
live crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
d and holy vestments bring
ack: I know the Roman king.
ıceful Rome new laws ordain,
mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
xt in dignity succeeds,
ce, and prone to martial deeds,
ops for fighting-fields prepare,
s, and triumphs of the war.
ord his crown he shall increase,
armour from the rust of peace.
follows, with a fawning air,
in, and proudly popular.
Tarquin kings, the' avenging sword
tly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
's the rods and axe severe,
consuls royal robes to wear.



ÆNEIS. Book 6.

ns, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
ong for arbitrary lords again,
ignominy scourg'd in open sight,
ooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
ppy man! to break the pious laws
ature pleading in his children's cause!
e'er the doubtful fact is understood,
love of honour, and his country's good:
e consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
hold Torquatus the same track pursue;
d next, the two devoted Decii view—
Camillus loaded home and foreign foes

race;
ace,

own'd,
laurels crown'd,
declare
erbolts of war,
Who can see,

verty,
to' admire
coarse attire?
Fabii claim;
st of thy name,
sinking state,
p to fate!
e running mass
breathing brass,
rble face;
describe the skies,
nd, and when they rise.
one, with awful sway,
ake the world obey,
r thy own majestic way;
fetter'd slave to free:—
, and worthy thee.' [view'd
with wondering eyes they
ms his speech renew'd:
! how, untir'd in toils,
dly grace, how rich with reg

ry (threaten'd with alarms)
ge and his conquering arms,
ce the Punic bands affright;
ish king in single fight;

ıen to the Capitol in triumph move;
nd the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove:'
Eneas here beheld, of form divine,
a godlike youth in glittering armour shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace:
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's [side?
'His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around:
All admire, and raise a shouting sound:
his brows are spread;

less force,
foaming horse.
s severe decree,
!
g,
spring :
ody strow :
hildren owe,
ay bestow ?
o round
ian ground ;
n had shown,
e promis'd throne,
n'd by Fate ;
the Latian state ;
fore-arms his care
ne, or to bear.
e of Sleep adorn ;
of transparent horn :
arent horn arise :
s deluding lies.
ing as he pass'd,
steps at last.
f ivory he dismiss'd
l divining guest.
neas took his way,
skimm'd along the sea,
ain'd Caieta's bay.
und his galleys moor :
l to sea, their sterns to shore.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises his daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turn love with her, favoured by her mother, and st Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Me many other of the neighbouring princes; whose the names of their commanders are particularly r

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy na

helves of Circe's shores they run
, the daughter of the sun),
ast!—The goddess wastes her days
; the rocks resound her lays:
the loom, she spends the night;
ds supply her father's light.
re heard, rebellowing to the main,
ns that refuse the chain,
ristled boars, and groans of bears,
owling wolves that stun the sailors'

ir caverns, at the close of night,
with horror and affright.
ourn their fate, whom Circe's power
the moon and planetary hour),
d wicked herbs, from humankind
d in brutal shapes confin'd.
s lest the Trojans' pious host
touch upon the' enchanted coast,
otune steer'd their course by night,
es, that sped their happy flight.
these they skim the sounding shore,
welling surges vainly roar.
s rosy morn began to rise,
saffron streamer through the skies,
lush'd in purple, not her own,
ace the breathing winds were blown,
ce sate upon the sea,
oars, with struggling, urge their way.
from the main, beheld a wood,
th shades, and a brown horror, stood:
es the Tyber took his course,
s dimpled: and with downward force

That drove the sand along, he too
And roll'd his yellow billows to th
About him, and above, and round
The birds that haunt the borders
That bath'd within, or bask'd upo
To tuneful songs their narrow thr
The captain gives command: the
Glide through the gloomy shade, a

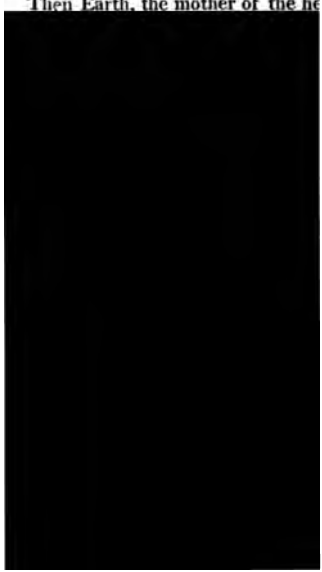
Now, Erato! thy poet's mind i
And fill his soul with thy celestial
Relate what Latium was; her an
Declare the past and present stat

blooming youth were snatch'd by fate:
aughter heir'd the royal state.
ier love, and with ambition led,
ouring princes court her nuptial bed.
crowd, but far above the rest,
nus to the beauteous maid address'd.
high descent and graceful mien,
nd favour'd by the Latian queen:
he strove to join Lavinia's hand:
ortents the purpos'd match withstand.
the palace, of long growth, there stood
runk, a venerable wood;
s divine were paid; whose holy hair
nd cut with superstitious care.
Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
l, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
n honour of his new abode,
he laurel to the laurel's god.
l once, (a boding prodigy!)
f bees, that cut the liquid sky
from whence they took their airy flight)
opmost branch in clouds alight;
h their clasping feet, together clung,
cluster from the laurel hung.
augur prophesied from hence:
n Latian shores a foreign prince!
ame parts of heaven his navy stands,
e parts on earth: his army lands;
e conquers, and the tower commands.'
when fair Lavinia fed the fire
gods, and stood beside her sire,
relate!) the flames, involv'd in smoke
from the sacred altar broke,

Caught her dishevel'd hair, and rich att
Her crown and jewels crackled in the
From thence the fuming trail began to
And lambent glories danc'd about her
This new portent the seer with wonde
Then, pansing, thus his prophecy rene
' The nymph, who scatters flaming fir
Shall shine with honour, shall herself
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and chan
Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent
For counsel to his father Faunus went,

e, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,
tium shall contain, nor Europe bound:
irs whate'er the sun surveys around.'
answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
ng himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
me through all the neighbouring nations flew,
ow the Trojan navy was in view.
ath a shady tree, the hero spread
le on the turf, with cakes of bread;
ith his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
ate; and (not without the god's command)
omely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band
their trenchers next, and soon devour,
nd the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
us this observ'd, and, smiling, said,
we devour the plates on which we fed.'
eech had omen, that the Trojan race
find repose, and this the time and place.
took the word, and thus replies—
ssing fate with wonder in his eyes):
ail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!
I the destin'd place of your abodes!
us Anchises prophesied of old,
is our fatal place of rest foretold:
, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
ine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
ase your weary Trojans will attend,
e long labours of your voyage end.
nber on that happy coast to build;
ith a trench inclose the fruitful field.'
as that famine, this the fatal place,
ends the wandering of our exil'd race.

Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your
To search the land, and where th
And what the men; but give this
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jo
Call great Anchises to the genial
Crown high the goblets with a ch
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn th
Thus having said, the hero boun
With leafy branches, then perfor
Adoring first the genius of the pl
Then Earth, the mother of the he



They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
The new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.
Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town and lofty towers survey;
At length approach the walls. Without the gate,
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory;
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
If this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign power:
In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood—

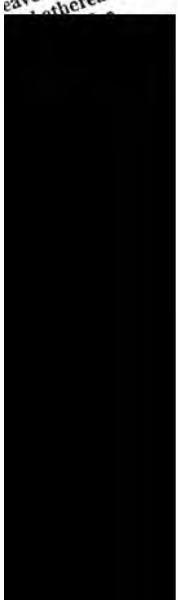
There stood ——,
On a short pruning-hook his head reclin
And studiously surveys his generous vin
Then warlike kings who for their count
And honourable wounds from battle bro
Around the posts, hung helmets, darts, and
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies
wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band
Was Picus plac'd; a buckler in his hand
His other wav'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his fat
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in v
Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then, mixing powerful herbs, with mag
She chang'd his form, who could not chan
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made hi
With party-colour'd plumes, a chatteri
In this high temple, on a chair of stat

ur shipping in our ports to lay,
disabled in so long a way?
ou want: the Latians you shall find
to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
the time of Saturn's holy reign,
ible customs we retain.
ind, (but time the tale has worn)
ci told, that Dardanus, though born
plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
hracia, Samos call'd before.
an Corythum he claim'd his birth:
when exempt from mortal earth,
ce ascended to his kindred skies,
, as a god, augments their sacrifice.'
Ilioneus made this reply:
f Faunus' royal family!
winds to Latium forc'd our way,
e stars our wandering course betray.
sought your shores; and, hither bound,
o long desir'd, at length we found;
weet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
e greatest that the sun beheld.
gan our line, who rules above;
race, our king descends from Jove:
are we come, by his command,
dmission in your happy land.
tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
our temples, and our town, devour'd;
the waste of war, what fierce alarms
's crown with European arms;
ave heard, if any such there be,
h is bounded by the frozen sea;
s, born beneath the burning sky
sun, betwixt the tropics lie.

From that dire deluge, through the watery wa
(Such length of years, such various perils past)
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare—
The common water, and the common air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abo
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface—
Besides what endless honour you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear—

it he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest,
pondering future things of wondrous weight—
ession, empire, and his daughter's fate.
hese he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
hare his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed:
; was the race that sure portents foreshew
sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:
ie powers, (said he) the powers we both invoke,
you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
d firm our purpose with their augury!
ve what you ask: your presents I receive:
nd, where and when you please, with ample leave:
rtake and use my kingdom as your own:
, shall be yours, while I command the crown.
d, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
ll him he should not send the peace, but bring:
en let him not a friend's embraces fear:
e peace is made when I behold him here.
sides this answer, tell my royal guest,
dd to his commands my own request:
ly one daughter heirs my crown and state,
om not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
r frequent prodigies, permit to join
ith any native of the' Ausonian line.
foreign son-in-law shall come from far
ch is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,
ose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
d through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
mself to be the man the fates require,
rmly judge, and what I judge, desire.'

steed.
e fed,
ily dress'd:
he best,
his command,
le stand,
to behold,
the foaming gold.
king decreed
eavenly breed,
ethereal fire;



in vain contend,
ire at an end!
y fury spent?
t length relent?
town to chase,
heir exil'd race;
d the stormy main:
ests rag'd in vain.
ny Syrtes done,
nd those they shun?
, secure of fate,
of Juno's hate!
the Centaurs bathe;
to Cynthia's wrath,
Calydon—
ier people done?)
hunderer,
ccessful war,
n vain have toil'd,
gth am foil'd!
shall I doubt
from without?
desires deny,
en and Jove supply.
rm'd, by their decree,
Italy:
tial day,
the peace delay:
shall be bought,
estruction brought.
ather join,
f either line.
is endow'd
Rutulian blood!

ellona leads thee to thy lover's hand:
nother queen brings forth another brand,
o burn with foreign fires another land!
A second Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame.'
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from the' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
One who detests his own mis-shapen race;

ricker wings, sublime through night,
atian palace took her flight;
: the queen's apartment, stood before
l threshold, and besieg'd the door.
ata lay, her swelling breast
sdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
r nuptials of the Trojan guest.
ack bloody locks the Fury shakes
plague, the favourite of her snakes:
l force she threw the poisonous dart,
deep within Amata's heart,
nvenom'd, she might kindle rage,
: to strife her house and husband's age.
elt, the fiery serpent skims
linen and her naked limbs,
breath inspiring as he glides.
chain around her neck he rides,
fillet to her head repairs,
s circling volumes folds her hairs.
silent venom slid with ease,
er cooler senses by degrees;
e' infected mass was fir'd too far,
accents she began the war,
spoke her husband: 'Shall (she said)
g prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
ead not in a parent's heart,
rs, and pity her desert.
dearest lord, the time will come,
in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
s pirate soon will set to sea,
e royal virgin far away!
him, a Trojan guest, before
friendship sought the Spartan shore,
l Helen from her husband bore.

Think on a king's inviolable word;
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race.'
But, when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,

y thee alone!' she cried;
alone!' the crew replied.
eds her hair, she leads thy dance,
nding ivy wreaths her lance.'
the rest: the progress known,
ntains, and forsake the town:
of beasts, the javelin bear,
ton winds their flowing hair;
shoutings rend the suffering air.
lf, inspir'd with rage divine,
e her head a flaming pine,
aggard eyes around the throng,
nus' name the nuptial song:
dames, if any here
ppy queen, Amata, dear;
, (she said) who dare maintain
ink the name of mother vain;
ets, loose your flowing hair,
nocturnal rites prepare.'
he Fury thus invades,
ge, amid the silvan shades.
found her venom spread so far,
embroil'd in civil war,
sky wings, she cleaves the skies,
alace where young Turnus lies.
e reports, was built of old
nant with almighty gold,
ther's rage, and, with a train
gives, through the stormy main,
outhern blasts, was fated here to

once: now Ardea's name it bears;
, now consum'd with years.

Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods
The foulness of the' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscen
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she dr
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her j
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are cro
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane

ven's command.'—The youthful prince
plied, and made this bold defence.
, mother, what I knew before,
fleet is landed on the shore.
nor will provoke the war:
no's most peculiar care.
made you dote, and vainly tell
in'd in your lonely cell.
mple and the gods your care:
n the thought of peace and war.'
hty words Alecto's rage provoke:
Turnus trembled as she spoke.
w stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
ooks and hellish form return:
nakes with hissings fill the place,
the furies of her face:
fire from her malignant eyes,
backward as he strove to rise,
, sought to frame some new replies.
ead she rears two twisted snakes:
e rattles, and her whip she shakes;
g bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
m time has made to dote, and tell
in'd in her lonely cell!
ates' infernal minister!
estruction, in my hand I bear.'
g said, her smouldering torch, impress'd
force, she plung'd into his breast.
k'd; and, starting from his bed,
a clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
(he cries) my sword and shield pre-
lefiance, blood, and mortal war. [pare!'
a crackling flames a cauldron fries,
waters from the bottom rise:

To meet in arms the [illegible]
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the wi
His beauty these, and those his blooming a
The rest his house and his own fame engag

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy st
Which overlooks the vale with wide com
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful trai
With horns and hounds a hunting-match
And pitch their toils around the shady pl
The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they
And feed their hungry nostrils with the
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antl
High o'er his front, his beams invade th
[illegible] right cause, the' infernal mai

g horns, with ribands tied
ad comb'd his silken hide,
ly. Patient of command
nd, growing us'd to hand,
aster's board for food;
vage kindred in the wood,
the day, at night he came
ings, and his country dame.
it, that us'd the woodland grounds,
by the young hero's hounds,
n he swam, to seek retreat
, and to quench his heat.
id eager of his game,
, uncertain in his aim:
the fatal arrow guides,
owels through his panting sides.
ture issues from the floods,
, and seeks his known abodes,
arth, and household gods.
ie house with heavy groans,
, and his pain bemoans.
s her breast, and cries aloud
he clownish neighbourhood:
le; for the fiend, who lay
covert, urg'd their way.
yet burning from the flame,
ty club another came:
h or find, without their care,
n instrument of war.
r-father of the beast,
tchet in his horny fist,
from the descending stroke,
within the cloven oak,
age, and their rage provoke.

Adds all the ...
And mountains, tremble at the ...
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Na
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of th
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear po
And strain their helpless infants to their b
The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungover
With furious haste to the loud summons fl
The powers of Troy, then issuing on the
With fresh recruits their youthful chief su
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither s
The fight with clubs and burning brands
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fi
Are bright with flaming swords and brax
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal
Thus, when a black-brow'd gust beg
White foam at first on the curl'd ocea
... the main, the billows moun

ile peace he preach'd in vain,
s of the' unruly train:
ating flocks his pastures fill'd;
l yoke of oxen till'd.
l scales their fortune stood,
em in each other's blood;
he fight, exulting flies,
ier promise to the skies.
peaks: 'Behold! 'tis done,
drawn, the war begun;
plete; nor can they cease
or you command the peace.
ian and the Trojan brood
ance, and the sweets of blood;
ver shall add this office more:
ations of the' Ausonian shore
lful rumour, from afar,
and embrace the war.'
The grateful work is done,
d sow'd, the war begun:
ury, have possess'd the state,
s of a lasting hate.
all the' alliance join
and Ausonian line:
d to night and hell repair;
or angry Jove, will bear
ring walks in upper air.
s to me.' Saturnia said:
r sounding wings display'd,
light, and sought the nether

, well known to fame,
Amsanctus is the name):

Whirls the black wave ...
Here Pluto pants for breath from out ...
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell
To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the
Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns, return'd from battle, bear t
Implore the gods, and to their king com
The corpse of Almon, and the rest, are
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frig
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments thei
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd
brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacc
And lead his dances with dishevel'd h
... the clamour, and the war d

: his solid sides
he sounding tides—
ov'd, and long
oisy throng.
's power prevail'd,
ounsel fail'd,
heir offence,
innocence.
nd borne before
faithful shore!
ourselves shall bea
gious war:
y thy fate,
, but pray too late.
an end,
y tend.
ur kings you pay,
away.'
valls confin'd,
o well divin'd;
ld vainly strive,
vessel drive.
v'd of old,
the Romans hold,
g fields they rear
or declare
ian war—
s would regain
loody plain.
of Mars they bear,
ligious fear)
dire abode,
rious god,

And the loud trumpets break the yielding
These rites, of old by sovereign princes u
Were the king's office: but the king refu
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates u
Of sacred peace, or loose the' imprison'd
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alar
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heaven's imperious queen shot down fi
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and every falling ba
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
The peaceful cities of the' Ausonian shor
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd befo
Are all on fire; and some, with studious
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prep
Some their soft limbs in painful marches
And war is all their wish, and arms the ge
Part scour their rusty shields with seam;
New grind the blunted axe, and point th
With joy they view the waving ensigns fl
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce th
Five cities forge their arms—the' Atinia

c some, and some the cuishes mould,
r plated, and with ductile gold.
ic honours of the scythe and share
lace to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
ulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
ounding trumpet every soul inspires.
word is given; with eager speed they lace
shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
neighing steeds are to the chariots tied;
trusty weapon sits on every side.
nd, now the mighty labour is begun,
Muses, open all your Helicon.
g you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian land,
eir arms, and armies under their command;
hat warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
hat soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
or well you know, and can record alone,
/hat fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heaven. Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led;
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
His father's hydra fills his ample shield;

The triple Geryon, drove from conque
His captive herds; and, thence in triu
On Tuscan Tyber's flowery banks they
Then, on mount Aventine, the son of J
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd t
For arms, his men long piles and jave
And poles with pointed steel their foes in
Like Hercules himself, his son appears
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy sk
The teeth and gaping jaws severely gri
Thus, like the god his father, homely di
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Til
(Which from their brother Tiburs took
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in th
pear,
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the
height
With rapid course descending to the fiel

æneste sends a chosen band,
e who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;
the succour which cold Anien yields,
cks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
nia fat, and father Amasene—
numerous rout, but all of naked men:
or arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
or drive the chariot through the dusty field,
ut whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead;
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.
Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire),
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminius springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their watery pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.
Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,

That follow'd from [illegible]
And Amiternian troops, of mighty [illegible],
And mountaineers, that from Severus can
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tyber takes his
And where Himella's wanton waters play
Casperia sends her arms, with those that
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine bl
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan mz
When pale Orion sets in wintery rain,
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus r
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns
Than stand these troops: their bucklers
Their trampling turns the turf, and shz
ground.
High in his chariot then Halesus c:
[illegible] his birth to Troy's unhappy na
[illegible]

ices from afar they throw,
leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
l swords in closer fight they wear,
warding arm light bucklers bear.
us, shalt thou be left unsung,
Sebethis and old Telon sprung.
Teloboan Capri reign'd ;
t isle the' ambitious youth disdain'd,
pania stretch'd his ample sway,
ig Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea—
, and where Abella sees,
i towers, the harvest of her trees.
was the Tenton use of old)
swords, and brazen bucklers hold ;
stones when from afar they fight ;
are cork, a covering thick and light.
in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
iountain troops that Nursia sent.
iiculæ his rule obey'd;
sport, and plundering was their trade.
plough'd, to battle still prepar'd :
i barren, and their hearts were hard.
priest the proud Marrubians led,
ippus sent to Turnus' aid ;
olives crown'd his hoary head.
holy words, the viper's rage,
wounds of serpents, could assuage.
)leas'd with powerful juice to steep
, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
: Marsian herbs, and magic art,
'ound given by the Dardan dart.
ely fate the' Angitian woods
rmur'd to the Fucine floods.

Where great Diana's peace
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed:
But, when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes the' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd:
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disda
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart,
The' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in the' Egerian grov
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from
For this, from Trivia's temple and her woo
[illegible]rsers driven, who shed their master's
[illegible]sters of the flood

shield; but Iō now
ed stands, and seems to low—
Her keeper by her side,
lks, his hundred eyes applied:
s her sire, the watery god,
lver urn his crystal flood.
ucceeds, and fills the fields
d pointed spears, and clattering

f old Sicanian bands,
lough the rich Rutulian lands;
and those Sacrana yields,
abicans, with painted shields,
ear Numician streams reside,
Tyber's holy forests hide;
rom the main land divide;
des along the lowly lands,
ter of Pomptina stands.
Volscians fair Camilla came,
like troops, a warrior dame:
ing, in the loom unskill'd,
bler Pallas of the field.
irst, the fierce virago fought,
ls of arms, the danger sought,
winds in speed upon the plain,
ld, nor hurt the bearded grain:
eas, and as she skimm'd along,
unbath'd on billows hung.
women, stupid with surprise,
sses, fix their wondering eyes:
ok, and gaping at the sight,
and o'er with vast delight;
it sits with such a grace
shoulders, and so suits her face;

Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his powers,
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers,
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare
To join the allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These through the country took their wasteful course,
The fields to forage, and to gather force.

And claim'd a title from the gods and f
What numerous nations in his quarrel
And how they spread his formidable n
What he design'd, what mischiefs nigh
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equa
And common interest was involv'd in
While Turnus and the allies thus urge
The Trojan, floating in a flood of car
Beholds the tempest which his foes pr
This way and that he turns his anxious
Thinks and rejects the counsels he de
Explores himself in vain, in every par
And gives no rest to his distracted hea
So, when the sun by day, or moon by
Strike on the polish'd brass their trem
The glittering species here and there
And cast their dubious beams from sid
Now on the walls, now on the pavem
And to the ceiling flash the glaring da
'Twas night: and weary nature lull

was o'er his body spread,
ıady reeds adorn'd his head:
: to sight, the god appear'd,
e pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
ıffspring of ethereal race,
ed in this promis'd place!
the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,
to their hearths, and old abodes—
›py home, the clime where fate
to restore the Trojan state.
e war shall end in lasting peace,
ge of haughty Juno cease.
nightly vision may not seem
fancy, or an idle dream,
h an oak shall lie along,
ıelf, and white her thirty young,
olling years have run their race,
nius, on this empty space,
·oyal town, of lasting fame,
his omen shall receive the name.
prove the truth.—For what remains,
ı sure success to crown thy pains,
: next attend. A banish'd band,
Evander from the' Arcadian land,
here, and plac'd on high their walls:
ıe founder Pallanteum calls,
Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
: Latians old possession claim,
:sting the new colony.
hy friends, and on their aid rely.
assage I submit my streams.
Venus, from thy pleasing dreams:
ıe setting stars are lost in day,
wer thy just devotion pay;

sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
ride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
thou return'st victorious from the wa
rm thy vows to me with grateful care.
god am I, whose yellow water flows
nd these fields, and fattens as it goes:
er my name—among the rolling floods,
own'd on earth, esteem'd among the god
s is my certain seat. In times to come,
waves shall wash the walls of mighty R
lung'd below. While yet he
forsook.

Æneas takes the mother and l
And all on Juno's altar are be
The following night, and the
Propitious Tyber smooth'd hi
He roll'd his river back, and
A gentle swelling, and a peac
The Trojans mount their ships
Borne on the waves, and scar
Shouts from the land give om
And the pitch'd vessels glide
The woods and waters wonde
Of shields, and painted ships
One summer's night and one
Betwixt the green-wood shad
The fiery sun had finish'd half
Look'd back and doubted in
When they from far beheld t
The tops of sheds, and sheph
Thin as they stood, which the
Now rise in marble, from the
These cots (Evander's kingdc
The Trojan saw, and turn'd h
'Twas on a solemn day: the'
The king and prince, without
Then paid their offerings in a
To Hercules, the warrior son
Thick clouds of rolling smol
And fat of entrails on his alta
But, when they saw the s
flood,
And glitter'd through the cov
They rose with fear, and left
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'

To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A javelin seiz'd, and singly took his way,
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far,
'Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are;
Your business here, and bring you peace or war?'
High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: 'The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made—
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear: the Trojans and their chief

[illegible] from the loins of Atlas came—
[illegible], whose head sustains the starry frame.
[illegible] sire is Mercury, whom long before
[illegible] Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
[illegible] the fair, on fame if we rely,
Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
[illegible] from one common source our streams divide:
[illegible] the Trojan, yours the Arcadian side.
[illegible]'d by these hopes, I sent no news before,
[illegible] your leave, nor did your faith implore;
[illegible], without a pledge, my own ambassador.
[illegible] same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
[illegible] expell'd, what further force can stay
victor troops from universal sway?
[illegible] will they stretch their power athwart the land,
[illegible] either sea from side to side command.
[illegible] our offer'd faith, and give us thine:
[illegible] is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
[illegible] want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
[illegible] cautious, and in fields we dare,'
[illegible] said:—'and, while he spoke, with piercing eyes
[illegible] view'd the man with vast surprise—
[illegible] with his action, ravish'd with his face;
[illegible] answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
[illegible] leader of the Trojan line,
[illegible] the features of thy father shine!
[illegible] I recall Anchises! how I see
[illegible], mien, and all my friend, in thee!
[illegible] though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
[illegible] Priam to his sister's court design'd
[illegible]come visit, with a friendly stay,
[illegible] through the Arcadian kingdom took his way.

Then, past a boy, the callow down bega
To shade my chin, and call me first a ma
I saw the shining train with vast delight
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my si
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful bre
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy ban
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutu
I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus br
He gave me, when at length constrain'd
A Lycian quiver and a Gnossian bow,

rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
› vain fears or superstition spring,
l devotion, or from blinder chance,
y zeal, or brutal ignorance:
'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
›urs of a god we recompense.
n afar, you rock that mates the sky;
/hose feet such heaps of rubbish lie:
digested ruin; bleak and bare,
sert now it stands, expos'd in air!
ace a robber's den, inclos'd around
ing stone, and deep beneath the ground.
aster Cacus, more than half a beast,
d, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
'ement ever foul with human gore;
ınd their mangled members, hung the door.
this plague begot: and like his sire,
louds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
ıng expected, eas'd us of our load,
ıught the needful presence of a god.
ınging force of Hercules, from Spain,
in triumph, from Geryon slain:—
iv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
e, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
yber's banks, to graze the shady grove.
with hope of plunder, and intent
e to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
ital Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
en thence, and four fair kine, convey'd.
t the printed footsteps might be seen,
g'd them backwards to his rocky den.
:ks averse a lying notice gave,
the searcher backward from the cave.
ne the herdsman hero shifts his place,
fresh pasture, and untrodden grass.

The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings; and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
He climb, with eager haste, the' aërial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
As terror had improv'd his feet with wings.

n the right,
s might.
f the rock
rattling shock.
n either side
e streams divide :
sual dread ;
ath his bed.
al'd to sight ;
nitted light.
mbling sound,
he hollow ground :
d, from on high,
e nether sky :
night,
and sicken at the sight.
ht in open day,
ly away,
neath, and fills
manly yells.
d from afar
stones, and distant war.
huge mouth, expires
amidst his father's fires,
peated blast, the night,
, and erring sight.
plunges from above,
: waves the sparkles drove,
es through fumes, and grop

ed, till he grasps his prey.
g fruitless flames, he found
t; he writh'd his neck around
rippled members bound ;

Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes:
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day:
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again.
Next by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows:

ir of old, another of the young,
:e, and bear the burden of the song.
records the labours, and the praise,
l the' immortal acts of Hercules:
how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands
erpents strangled with his infant hands;
, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Œchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
des, a thousand hazards they relate,
cur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
by hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
e cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew:
or thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
or he, the roaring terror of the wood.
he triple porter of the Stygian seat,
Vith lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
nd, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
he' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
hee, god! no face of danger could affright:
ot huge Typhöeus, nor the' unnumber'd snake,
ncreas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
ail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
o heaven and the great author of thy race;
eceive the grateful offerings which we pay,
nd smile propitious on thy solemn day!'
n numbers thus they sung: above the rest,
he den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
he woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
he vales to hills! and hills the notes rebound.
he rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
etwixt young Pallas and his aged sire
he Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
nd pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.

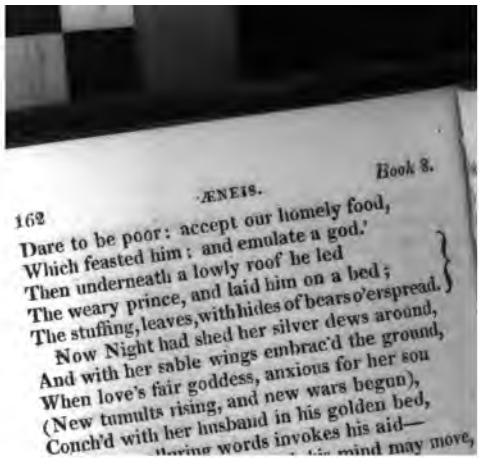
The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still with new surprise;
With greedy joy inquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
'These woods were first the seat of silvan powers,
Of nymphs and Fauns, and savage men who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share,
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase: the running flood
Supplied their thirst: the trees supplied their food.

ing on, he spoke, and show'd the gate,
Carmental by the Roman state;
an altar, sacred to the name
enta, the prophetic dame,
on foretold the' Æneian race,
me, and Rome's imperial place;—
the forests, which, in after-times,
ilus, for perpetrated crimes,
ige made;—with this, the shrine
below the rock had rites divine;—
Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
and tomb his innocence attest.
he steep Tarpeian rock he leads—
with gold, then thatch'd with homely
ear (such superstition reigns [reeds.
ude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
hey knew—what god, they could not
midst the sacred horror dwell. [tell—
ns thought him Jove: and said they saw
thunderer with majestic awe,
is shield, and dealt his bolts around,
d tempests on the teeming ground.
o heaps of ruins (once they stood
towns, on either side the flood)
d Janiculum's remains;
lace the founder's name retains.
thus together, they resort
Evander kept his country court.
the ground of Rome's litigious hall—
low'd, where now the lawyers bawl):
ng, through the narrow gate they press'd,
he king bespoke his Trojan guest:
is, this palace, and this door,
cides, then a conqueror.

Dare to be poor: accept our homely f
Which feasted him: and emulate a god
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a b
The stuffing, leaves, with hides of bears o

Now Night had shed her silver dews
And with her sable wings embrac'd the
When love's fair goddess, anxious for h
(New tumults rising, and new wars be
Conch'd with her husband in his golde
With these alluring words invokes his a
And that her pleasing speech his mind

and strait her arms of snowy hue,
unresolving husband threw.
nbraces soon infuse desire:
and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
godhead feels the wonted fire.
o swift the rattling thunder flies,
ghtnings flash along the skies.
ss, proud of her successful wiles,
ious of her form, in secret smiles.
the power obnoxious to her charms,
d half dissolving in her arms:
you reasons for a cause so just,
vn beauties or my love distrust?
, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
er and art you might command,
arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor Fate,
eir empire to so short a date.
a now desire new wars to wage,
promise, and my pains engage.
nelting metals can conspire,
ag bellows, or the forming fire,
)urs: your anxious fears remove,
no task is difficult to love.'
he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
l the willing goddess to his arms:
lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
ire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
the Night her middle race had rode,
st slumber had refresh'd the god—
hen early housewives leave the bed:
g embers on the hearth they spread,
lamp, and call the maids to rise;—
ing mouths and with half-open'd eyes,
ie *distaff* by the winking light,
· *daily labour* add the night:



Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,
Which feasted him; and emulate a god.'
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing, leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now Night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun),
Conch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
[illegible] words invokes his aid—
[illegible] mind may move,

e said; and strait her arms of snowy hue,
bout her unresolving husband threw.
er soft embraces soon infuse desire:
s bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
nd all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
ot half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
r forky lightnings flash along the skies.
he goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
nd conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
hen thus the power obnoxious to her charms,
anting, and half dissolving in her arms:
Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
r your own beauties or my love distrust?
ng since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
e' artificer and art you might command,
labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor Fate,
nfin'd their empire to so short a date.
nd, if you now desire new wars to wage,
y skill I promise, and my pains engage.
hatever melting metals can conspire,
r breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
nd think no task is difficult to love.'
rembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
e snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms:
ill in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
f full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
low when the Night her middle race had rode,
nd his first slumber had refresh'd the god—
he time when early housewives leave the bed:
hen living embers on the hearth they spread,
pply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;—
ith yawning mouths and with half-open'd eyes,
hey *ply the distaff by the* winking light,
d to their daily labour add the night:

Thus frugally they earn their children's br
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging p
Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there l
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and, deep
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers d
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented
Are heard around: the boiling waters ro
And smoky flames through fuming tunnel

rms for a hero forge—arms that require
our force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
e said. They set their former work aside,
nd their new toils with eager haste divide.
flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
nd deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd:
Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
lone sufficient to sustain the war.
even orbs within a spacious round they close,
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
he hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
he grot with beaten anvils groans around.
y turns, their arms advance in equal time!
y turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.
hey turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
he fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
hile, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
heir labours thus, and ply the' Æolian forge,
he cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
nd songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
e leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
bove his ankles; sandals sheath his feet:
e sets his trusty sword upon his side,
nd o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
wo menial dogs before their master press'd.
hus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
lindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
ut meets Æneas in the middle space.
oung Pallas did his father's steps attend;
nd true Achates waited on his friend.
hey join their hands: a secret seat they choose;
he' Arcadian first their former talk renews:
Undaunted prince! I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.

Command the' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tyber bounds:
The other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And Fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cære to the place.

y just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
ith arms, their king to punishment require:
heir numerous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
y counsel shall submit to your command.
heir navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
o hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
n ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
ith these foreboding words restrains their hate:
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
f Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
hom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
o seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms!
ow this: no native of our land may lead
is pow'rful people: seek a foreign head.'
Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
d wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
rchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
eir crown, and every regal ornament:
s people join their own with his desire;
d all my conduct, as their king, require.
t the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
d age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
d a cruel consciousness of its own decay,
ove forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
y Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
d should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
d half a native: but, in you combine
manly vigour and a foreign line.
here Fate and smiling Fortune show the way,
mone the ready path to sovereign sway.
e staff of my declining days, my son,
alt make your good or ill success his own;
fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare,
d serve the hard apprenticeship of war;

Your matchless courage and your conduct view;
And early shall begin to' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son
As many more has added in his own.'
Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
Who, short of' succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud:
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky:

Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms:
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms.'
He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
There offers chosen sheep. The' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city spreads aloud
The' intended march: amid the fearful crowd,
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises every moment to the sight.
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
Would Heaven (said he) my strength and youth recal,
Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall—
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;

And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' ar
Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If Fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;

embling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
illow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
winds disperse by fits, and show from far
laze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
oops, drawn up in beautiful array,
eathy plains pursue the ready way.
ited peals of shouts are heard around:
eighing coursers answer to the sound,
hake with horny hoofs the solid ground.
reenwood shade, long for religion known,
s by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
ipass'd round with gloomy hills above,
n add a holy horror to the grove.
irst inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
uardian of their flocks and fields—and pay
due devotions on his annual day.
ar from hence, along the river's side,
nts secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
archon led. Now, from a rising ground,
s cast his wondering eyes around,
ll the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
ch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
er his warlike train the Trojan led,
sh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.
antime the mother-goddess, crown'd with
charms,
ks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
in a winding vale she finds her son,
e cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
hows her heavenly form without disguise,
gives herself to his desiring eyes.
old (she said) perform'd, in every part,
romise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art,

Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.'
She said: and, having first her son embrac'd
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast deligh
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy brigh
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse

iendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
ırm'd, with each a charger in his hand;
ed sow for sacrifice is led,
imprecations on the perjur'd head.
this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
ullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.
e, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
would by force restore the banish'd kings.
tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
Roman youth assert their native rights.
re the town the Tuscan army lies,
rin by famine, or by fraud surprise.
r king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood,
le Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
p'd from their chains, with Cloelia for their guide.
igh on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
guard the temple, and the temple's god.
n Rome was poor; and there you might behold
palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
silver goose before the shining gate
re flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
told the Gauls' approach: the approaching Gauls,
cure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
l golden chains on their white necks they wear.
d are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
l their left arm sustains a length of shield.
d by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
l naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance

Pains of the damn'd ; and punish'd C
Hung on a rock—the traitor ; and, a
The Furies hissing from the nether gr
Apart from these the happy souls he
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing law
Betwixt the quarters, flows a golden
But foaming surges there in silver pla
The dancing dolphins with their tails
The glittering waves, and cut the pre
Amid the main, two mighty fleets eng
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equa
Actium surveys the well-disputed priz
Leucate's watery plain with foamy bi
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armou
Here leads the Romans and their god
His beamy temples shoot their flames
And o'er his head is hung the Julian s
Agrippa seconds him, with prosperou
And, with propitious gods, his foes as
A naval crown, that binds his manly l

ems, as if the Cyclades again
rooted up, and justled in the main;
oating mountains floating mountains meet;
is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
balls are thrown, and pointed javelins fly:
ields of Neptune take a purple dye.
queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
as she was! who had not yet divin'd
cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
country gods, the monsters of the sky,
t Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
log Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
longer dares oppose the' ethereal train.
in the middle of the shining shield
av'd, and strides along the liquid field.
Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent:
Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
les the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
shakes her iron rod above their heads.
seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
s down his arrows; at whose winged flight
rembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
oft Sabæans quit the watery field.
atal mistress hoists her silken sails,
shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
st she looks, and heaves her breast for
breath,
ng, and pale with fear of future death.
od had figur'd her, as driven along
inds and waves, and scudding through the
pposite, sad Nilus opens wide [throng.
rms and ample bosom to the tide,
preads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
ch he *wraps his queen*, and hides the flying host.

The victor to the gods his thanks expres
And Rome triumphant with his presenc
Three hundred temples in the town he p
With spoils and altars every temple gra
Three shining nights, and three succeedi
The fields resound with shouts, the stre
praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres wit
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifi
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his thro
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory

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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED

JOHN DRYDEN.

RQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.

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1810.

RVA

THE ÆNEIS.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

nus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ips (which are transformed into sea-nymphs), and assaults s camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send isus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the et with that admirable episode of their friendship, genero- y, and the conclusion of their adventures.

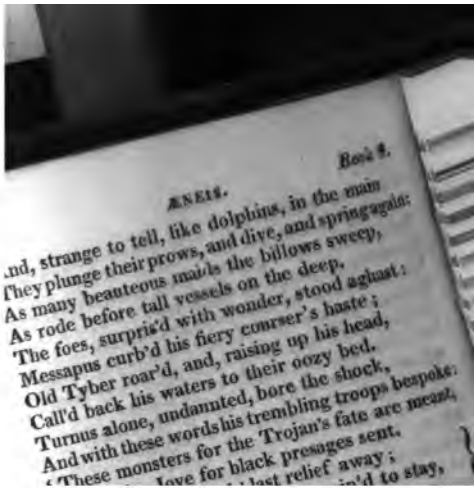
HILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
e various Iris Juno sends with haste,
find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
e secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
tir'd alone she found the daring man,
d op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
hat none of all the gods could grant thy vows—
it, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows!
eas, gone to seek the' Arcadian prince,
s left the Trojan camp without defence:
d, short of succours there, employs his pains
parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.

snatch an hour that favours thy designs;
e thy forces, and attack their lines.'
said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
d thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
ris, the grace of heaven! what power divine
as sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine?
ee, they divide: immortal day appears,
And glittering planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy, these happy omens I obey,
And follow, to the war, the god that leads the way!
Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to heaven he throws,
And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
Now march the bold confederates through the
plain,
ll clad—a rich and shining train.
in the rear,

d, they shut their gates; with shouts
ad
, and, secure, their foes attend:
general, with foreseeing care,
them not to tempt the doubtful war:
provok'd, in open fields advance,
him their lines attend their chance.
t they keep the strict command,
ait in arms the hostile band.
rms flew before the rest:
ed of Thracian strain he press'd;
asy gold; and crimson was his crest.
horse to second his designs,
ed foe, he fac'd the lines.
said), in arms who bravely dare
onour and his danger share?'
g on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
ir;—applauding shouts ensue.
find a dastard race that run
umpires, and the battle shun,
nd the camp, with rolling eyes,
every post, and every passage tries,
nightly wolf about the fold;
scending showers, and stiff with cold;
hunger, and he grins for pain
g teeth are exercis'd in vain);
nt of anger, finds no way
led paws to grasp the prey.
listen; but the bleating lambs
g the dug, beneath the dams.
eager Turnus o'er the plain,
lesire, and furious with disdain;
passage with a piercing sight,
foes in equal field to fight.

Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies
Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.
Urg'd by his presence, every soul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scattering sparkles fly:
Fat vapours, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.
[illegible] O Muses, could avert the flame,
[illegible] fleet, the Trojan name?
[illegible] obscure,

is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
ertain, on the' uncertain tide?
I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
is landed on the Latian shore,
ships escape the raging storms,
mand shall change their fading forms
s divine, and plough the watery way,
and the daughters of the sea.'
is sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
f liquid pitch, the dreary shore,
ethon's innavigable flood,
ack regions of his brother-god.
d shook the skies with his imperial nod.
at length the number'd hours were come,
fate's irrevocable doom,
great mother of the gods was free
r ships, and finish Jove's decree.
the quarter of the morn, there sprung
t sign'd the heavens, and shot along:
a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
rels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;
voice, with more than mortal sounds,
, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror
ounds:—
race! your needless aid forbear;
my ships are my peculiar care.
er ease the bold Rutulian may,
g brands, attempt to burn the sea,
my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
your crooked anchors, launch at large,
ch a nymph; forsake the sand,
the seas, at Cybele's command.'
had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
the' obedient ships their halsers break;



and, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast:
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
Old Tyber roar'd, and, raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
love for black presages sent.
last relief away;
d to stay,

y trust their feeble wall,
ı, a thin interval,
:and them; when Troy, though built
yet perish'd by their guilt?
:e, my friends, your valiant hands,
ıt their lines these dastard bands.
sand ships will end this war:
ds his fated arms prepare.
ms, all the' Arcadians join!
hose, shall frustrate my design.
ır the treasons of the night,
ıdium, the pretended flight:
:e made in open light.
ne shall their town betray:
have around, but fires by day.
es before their camp appear,
ırms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
ın is rolling to the west,
nt night to needful rest:
dies, and your arms prepare:
end the small remains of war.'
ıonour to Messapus falls,
htly guard; to watch the walls;
es at distances around,
'rojans in their scanty ground.
ıtulian captains ready stand;
n hundred horse these chiefs com-
ng arms the works invest; [mand;
liant helm, and waving crest.
eir length, they press the grassy
l:
ey sing—the jolly bowls go round—
cheerful fires renew the day,
ıkeful night in feasts and play.

Thus all things ne[illegible]
Mnestheus and brave Serestus walk
Commission'd by their absent prince
The common danger, and divide the
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as
By turns relieve each other on the w
Nigh where the foes their utmost g
To watch the gate was warlike Nisu
His father Hyrtacus, of noble blood
His mother was a huntress of the wo
And sent him to the wars. Well co
His lance in fight, and dart the flyin
But better skill'd unerring shafts to
Beside him stood Euryalus, his frie
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan h
No fairer face, or sweeter air, coul
Scarce had the down to shade his
One was their care, and their deli
One common hazard in the war t
And now were both by choice u
Then Nisus thus: 'Or do the

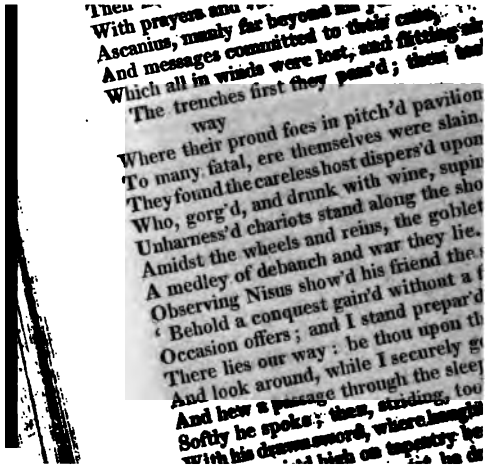
around. Now hear what I revolve —
unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.
it prince both camp and council mourn;
e both would hasten his return:
nfer what I demand, on thee,
is recompense enough for me),
beneath yon hill, I have espied
t safely will my passage guide.'
tood listening while he spoke;
of praise, and noble envy struck;
s ardent friend expos'd his mind:
alone, and leaving me behind!
orthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
ion I can my share of glory yield,
iee unassisted to the field?
father taught my childhood arms—
siege, and bred among alarms.
youth unworthy of my friend,
heaven-born hero I attend.
call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
it over-sold to purchase fame.'
isus thus: 'Alas! thy tender years
nister new matter to my fears.
e gods, who view this friendly strife,
e to thy lov'd embrace with life;
l to pay my vows (as sure I trust),
equest is cruel and unjust.
ie chance—as many chances are,
ful hazards, in the deeds of war—
ild reach my head, there let it fall,
thy life: I would not perish all.
y youth deserves a longer date:
to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,

To bear my mangled body from the f
Or buy it back, and funeral rites best
Or if hard fortune shall those dues de
Thou canst at least an empty tomb s
O! let not me the widow's tears ren
Nor let a mother's curse my name pu
Thy pious parent, who, for love of th
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily
Her age committing to the seas and
When every weary matron stay'd bel
To this, Euryalus: 'You plead in va
And but protract the cause you cann
No more delays! but haste!'—With

e, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
ct their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
ing the plain, and curling to the skies,
ixt two paths which at the gate divide,
by the sea, a passage we have spied
h will our way to great Æneas guide.
ct each hour to see him safe again,
ed with spoils of foes in battle slain.
:h we the lucky minute while we may:
can we be mistaken in the way;
hunting in the vales, we both have seen
rising turrets, and the stream between;
know the winding course, with every ford.'
eas'd! and old Alethes took the word:—
r country gods, in whom our trust we place,
yet from ruin save the Trojan race.
le we behold such dauntless worth appear
awning youth, and souls so void of fear.'
n into tears of joy the father broke:
ı in his longing arms by turns he took;
ted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
: brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
ecompense of such desert, decree?
greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
gods and your own conscious worth will give.
rest our grateful general will bestow,
l young Ascanius, till his manhood, owe.'
And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
canius adds) by the great deities,
my dear country, by my household gods,
hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
ure you both—(on you my fortune stands:
t and my faith I plight into your hands)—

me but happy in his safe return,
e wanted presence I can only mourn;
common gift shall two large goblets be
lver, wrought with curious imagery,
high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
conquering sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd;
d, more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
ith two great talents of the finest gold:
eside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain—
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus! and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids young
and fair,
d in rich attire, and train'd with care;
ian field with fruitful plains,
king's domains.

iam's royal race my mother came—
ure the best that ever bore the name—
a neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
ate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
tever) danger, neither parting kiss
pious blessing taken, her I leave,
in this only act of all my life deceive.
is right hand, and conscious night, I swear,
oul so sad a farewell could not bear.
ou her comfort; fill my vacant place—
mit me to presume so great a grace);
ort her age, forsaken and distress'd.
: hope alone will fortify my breast
nst the worst of fortunes, and of fears.'
aid. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.
thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see
image of his filial piety:
great beginnings, in so green an age,
t the faith which I again engage.
mother all the dues shall justly claim,
sa had, and only want the name.
te'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
merit to have borne a son so brave.
by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
father us'd it) what, returning here
n'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.'
: said, and, weeping while he spoke the word,
his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
ificent with gold. Lycaon made,
in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade.
was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend
n's hide, his body to defend:



rses; last invades their lord:
he drives the fatal sword;
d flies off; a purple flood
trunk, that welters in the blood,
urning heels dispers'd around,
kles, and bedews the ground.
and Lamyrus the strong,
en Serranus fair and young,
vine the youth retir'd to rest,
mmy god from out his breast;
eamt of drink and lucky play—
l it lasted till the day.
lion thus, with hunger bold,
nces of the nightly fold,
eaceful flocks: with silent awe
lie, and pant beneath his paw.
rage Euryalus employs
ord, or fewer foes destroys;
ble crowd his fury flew:
esus, and Rhœtus slew.
heavy sleep the former fall,
keful, and observing all:
us jar he slink'd for fear:
ound and reach'd him there;
it pierc'd his naked side,
hence return'd in crimson dy'd.
rs out a stream of wine and blood:
l comes floating in the flood.
Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
fainting there, and just alive:
rses, tied in order, fed.
he discipline, and said:
st of blood may both betray;
tter'd streaks of dawning day,

A precious load; but these they
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the bo
To make the rich caparison his p
Which on the steed of conquer'd
Nor did his eyes less longingly b
The girdle-belt, with nails of bur
This present Cædicus the rich be
On Remulus, when friendship fir
And, absent, join'd in hospitable
He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd
Till, by the conquering Ardean t
He fell; and they the glorious gif
These glittering spoils (now made
He to his body suits, but suits in
Messapus' helm he finds among th
And laces on, and wears the wavi
Proud of their conquest, prouder
They leave the camp, and take th
But far they had not pass'd, bel
Three hundred horse, with Volsce

Stand! stand! why thus in arms? and whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?'
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
Black was the forest; thick with beech it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn:
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
And Alban plains (from Alba's name so call'd)
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around.
'Ah wretch! (he cried) where have I left behind
The' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take?' Again he ventures back,
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and listening hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the rider's voice.
The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt! what arms employ,
What fruitless force, to free the captive boy?
Or desperate should he rush, and lose his life,
With odds oppress'd *in such* unequal strife!

Fair queen (he said),
If e'er my pious father, for my
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make,
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils
Give me to scatter these.' Then from his
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the t
spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grov
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital bl
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round: his eyeballs roll in d
And with short sobs he gasps away his b
All stand amaz'd;—a second jav'lin flie
With equal strength, and quivers throug
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'
And in the brain-pan warmly buried l
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and,
Descried not him who gave the fatal
Nor knew to fix revenge: 'But tho
both,' and at the prisor

crime (if friendship can offend)
ıch love to his unhappy friend.'
ıe speaks:—the sword, which fury guides,
/ith full force, had pierc'd his tender sides,
l the beauteous youth: the yawning wound
ıt a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
y neck reclines upon his breast,
ir flower by the keen share oppress'd—
'hite poppy sinking on the plain,
eavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
ius headlong on the hostile crowd.
he seeks; on him alone he bends;
ıck and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
he press'd, and kept him still in sight,
ırl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
rring steel descended while he spoke,
his wide mouth and through his weazon
broke.
ıe slew; and staggering on the plain,
imming eyes he sought his lover slain;
iet on his bleeding bosom fell,
, in death, to be reveng'd so well.
py friends! for, if my verse can give
ıl life, your fame shall ever live,
the Capitol's foundation lies,
ead, where'er the Roman eagle flies!
onquering party first divide the prey,
eir slain leader to the camp convey.
ınder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
ıch numbers whom so few had kill'd.
ı, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:
wds the dying and the dead surround;
yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.

And with the dawn
Nor long the sun his daily course
But added colours to the world reveal'd;
When early Turnus, wakening with the li
All clad in armour, calls his troops to figh
His martial men with fierce harangues he
And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
This done—to give new terror to his foes,
The head of Nisus and his friend he shows
Rais'd high on pointed spears—a ghastly si
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous

Meantime the Trojans run, where dang
They line their trenches, and they man t
In front extended to the left they stood
Safe was the right, surrounded by the fl
But, casting from their towers a frightf
They saw the faces, which too well the
Though then disguis'd in death, and sm
With filth obscene, and dropping putr
Soon hasty fame through the sad city
mournful message to the mother

nd could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone!
ot one kind kiss from a departing son!
o look, no last adieu, before he went,
an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
old on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
o Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
or was I near to close his dying eyes,
o wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
o call about his corpse his crying friends,
r spread the mantle (made for other ends)
n his dear body, which I wove with care,
or did my daily pains or nightly labour spare.
here shall I find his corpse? what earth sustains
is trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
r this, alas! I left my needful ease,
xpos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
ere empty all your quivers, all your darts:
r, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
nd send me thunder-struck to shades below!'
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,
nnain their courage, and augment their fears:
or young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
or old Ilioneus his tears restrain;
nt Actor and Idæus jointly sent,
o bear the maddling mother to her tent.
nd now the trumpets terribly, from far,
'ith rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.
he soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds;
nd heaven, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
he Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
nd, rushing forward, form a moving shed.
hese fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
me raise the ladders; others scale the town.

Where void spaces on the walls appear,
Join defence, they pour their forces there.
Ith poles and missive weapons, from afar,
ue Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
aught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the ponderous blow,
Which yet the patient Volcians undergo—
But could not bear the' unequal combat long;
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage—
Contented now to gall them from below
darts and slings, and with the distant bow
Mezentius, terrible to view,
the trenches threw.
warlike son

el this, the bold Italians join:
ary Trojans obviate their design;
veighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,
through the loopholes, and sharp javelins
throw.
, the chief, toss'd from his thundering hand,
t the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
k, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
lanks were season'd, and the timber dry.
gion caught the posts; it spread along,
r'd, and to distance drove, the scatter'd throng.
'rojans fled; the fire pursued amain,
athering fast upon the trembling train:
rowding to the corners of the wall,
the defence and the defenders fall.
ighty flaw makes heaven itself resound:
lead and dying Trojans strew the ground,
ower, that follow'd on the fallen crew,
m'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it slew:
stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
e same equal ruin underwent.
ung Lycus and Helenor only 'scape;
—how, they know not—from the steepy leap.
or, elder of the two; by birth,
e side royal, one a son of earth,
, to the Lydian king, Licymnia bare,
ent her boasted bastard to the war—
ivilege which none but freemen share).
t were his arms, a sword and silver shield:
arks of honour charg'd its empty field.
: as he fell, so light the youth arose,
rising, found himself amidst his foes;
flight was left, nor hopes to force his way.
olden'd by despair, he stood at bay;

And, like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds—
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws
His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war;
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find;
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey

: young Liger and Asylas slew:
the bow young Liger better knew;
t the pointed javelin threw).
neus laid Ortygius on the plain;
· Cæneus was by Turnus slain.
ne hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
l Idas standing on the wall.
ys' arms his fate Privernus found:
hemilla first—but slight the wound—
thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
l his hand upon the wounded part;
d shaft came swift and unespied,
d his hand, and nail'd it to his side,
his breathing lungs, and beating heart:
me issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.
of Arcens shone amid the rest,
ng armour and a purple vest,
his face, his eyes inspiring love)—
is father in the Martian grove,
fat altars of Palicus flame,
n arms to purchase early fame.
he spied from far, the Tuscan king
ie lance, and took him to the sling,
rl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
l lead half melted as it flew:
iis hollow temples and his brain;
came tumbling down, and spurn'd the
lain.
ung Ascanius, who, before this day,
in woods to shoot the savage prey,
in martial strife the twanging bow,
s'd against a human foe—
iereft Numanus of his life,
is' younger sister took to wife.

Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd v
stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he def
'Twice conquer'd cowards! now your sl
shown—
Coop'd up a second time within your town
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield
Thus threat you war? thus our alliance for
What gods, what madness, hither steer'd you
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,

elms defend the young, disguise the grey;
ive by plunder, and delight in prey.
r vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
loth you glory, and in dances join.
ir vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,
ir turbans underneath your chins are tied.
Phrygians, to your Dindymus again!
less than women, in the shapes of men!
! mix'd with eunuchs in the Mother's rites,
here with unequal sound the flute invites)
g, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:
ign the war to men, who know the martial trade.'
This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear
th patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
d almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.
t, first, before the throne of Jove he stood,
d thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:
y first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!
annual offering in thy grove shall bleed,
now-white steer, before thy altar led,
o, like his mother, bears aloft his head,
tts with his threatening brows, and bellowing stands,
d dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.'
Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
d thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
unded at once the bow; and swiftly flies
e feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
e steel through both his temples forc'd the way:
tended on the ground, Numanus lay.
o now, vain boaster! and true valour scorn!
e Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third return.'

Ascanius said no more. The Trojans sha
The heavens with shouting, and new vigo
Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting cr
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke
'Advance, illustrious youth! increase in
And wide from east to west extend thy n
Offspring of gods thyself: and Rome sha
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the powers di
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious hei
The conquer'd war is due: and the vast

Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun:
From wall to wall, the shouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around:
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms, resound.
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the showery Kids arise;
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.
Pandrus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top—two youths of height and size
Like firs that on their mother mountain rise—
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unshorn,
And, overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free:
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on,
Equicolus, who in bright armour shone,
And Haemon, first: but soon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the wall-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
And each on equal terms at length engage.

rawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When suddenly the' unhop'd-for news was brought,
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits the' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the brave
(But base-begotten on a Theban slave—
Sarpedon's son), he slew: the deadly dart [heart
ad passage through his breast, and pierc'd h
und the' Italian cornel stood,
his vital blood.

, thrown beneath by Jove's command,
'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
ſts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
ander feels the weight press lighter on his
back.
warrior god the Latian troops inspir'd,
trung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
ills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
black despair precipitates their flight.
nem Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,
turns the hinges of the heavy gate
h both his hands, and adds his shoulders to
the weight;
me happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
e rest shut out, to certain death expos'd;
ol as he was, and frantic in his care,
' admit young Turnus, and include the war!
e thrust amid the crowd, securely bold,
ke a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
o late his blazing buckler they descry,
id sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
is mighty members, and his ample breast,
is rattling armour, and his crimson crest.
r from that hated face the Trojans fly,
ll but the fool who sought his destiny.
ad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
r Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
nata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
is hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,
o means of safe return by flight are left.'
o whom, with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,
hus Turnus: 'Then begin; and try thy fate:

ıe ghost of Priam bear;
Achilles sent thee there.'
ugh ground-ash the Trojan threw,
ind, and knotted as it grew:
orce he whirl'd it first around:
yielding air receiv'd the wound:
no turn'd the course before,
ıe wandering weapon in the door.
pe not thou, (said Turnus) when I strike,
hy fate: our force is not alike,
el temper'd by the Lemnian god.'
utmost stretch he stood,
full descending blo
cheeks in

But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.
At last, though late, by Lynceus he was seen.
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince:
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
He joints the neck: and, with a stroke so strong,
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd and in poison skill'd;
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Creteus, whom the Muses held so dear:
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:
Arms were his business, verses his delight.
The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave Serestus and his troop sustain.
To save the living and revenge the dead,
Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.
'O, void of sense and courage! (Mnesthens cried,)
'Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
And pass unpunish'd from a numerous host?
Forsaking honour and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you shame!'
This just reproach their virtue does excite:
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,
But with slow paces measures back the field,
And inches to the walls, where Tyber's tide,
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.

The more he loses, they advance th
And tread in every step he trod bef
They shout; they bear him back; and
They cannot conquer, they oppress
As, compass'd with a wood of sp
The lordly lion still maintains his gr
Grins horrible, retires, and turns ag
Threats his distended paws, and sha
He loses while in vain he presses o
Nor will his courage let him dare to
So Turnus fares, and, unresolv'd of
Moves tardy back, and just recedes

as he was, at length he leap'd from high,
'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
ellow god the welcome burden bore,
vip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore;
gently wafts him to the farther coast,
ends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT

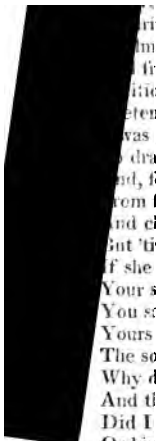
Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, f
either party. At Æneas's return t
Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lau
zentius is described as an atheist; L
tuous youth. The different actions
are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of heaven unfold:
The gods to council in the con
Sublimely seated, he surveys fi
The fields, the camp, the fortu
And all the' inferior world E

lawful time of war at length will come
Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),
Then Carthage shall contend the world with Rome;
hall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
ind, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.
hen is your time for faction and debate,
or partial favour and permitted hate.
et now your immature dissention cease;
it quiet, and compose your souls to peace,'
hus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
ut lovely Venus thus replies at large:
O power immense! eternal energy!
For to what else protection can we fly?)
eest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
p fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
low lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,
n shining arms triumphant on the plain?
ven in their lines and trenches they contend:
nd scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
he town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,
Vith a red deluge, their increasing moats.
Eneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears:
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found:
And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.
Yet, if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw,

the gods their sure success foretell—
e of heaven consent with those of hell,
omise Italy; who dare debate
ower of Jove, or fix another fate?
should I tell of tempests on the main,
Eolus usurping Neptune's reign?
iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat
inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet?
w Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
icits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
at new example wanted yet above—
n act that well became the wife of Jove!
lecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was ki
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Jove prefers before the Trojan race:
whom you with conquest

Then Carthage may the' Ausonian town
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fir
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with hi
To pass the perils of the seas and wind
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war b
To reach the' Italian shores; if, after al
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall.
Much better had he curb'd his high desi
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fire
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the w
Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's h
'And must I own (she said) my secret
What with more decence were in silen
And, but for this unjust reproach, had
Did god or man your favourite son adv
With war unhop'd the Latians to surpr
By fate, you boast, and by the gods' de
He left his native land for Italy;
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra,
Than heaven, inspir'd, he sought a fore
Did I persuade to trust his second Tr
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy
With walls unfinish'd, which himself fo
And through the waves a wandering vo
When have I urg'd him meanly to dem
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land;
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal cho
You think it hard, the Latians should
With swords your Trojans, and with fire
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to dr
Their native air, nor take a foreign la



rive their fields, and [illegible]
ms, not your own, among your clans [illegible],
from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride;
ition, while you public arms prepare;
tend a peace, and yet provoke a war!
vas given to you, your darling son to shrowd,
draw the dastard from the fighting crowd,
nd, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.
om flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
nd chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
ut 'tis my crime—the queen of heaven offends,
f she presume to save her suffering friends!
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say, is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses and the sacred bowers.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man
[illegible] the fatal war began?

So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods t
In whispers first their tender voices try,
Then issue on the main with bellowing r
And storms to trembling mariners presa
Then thus to both replied the imperia
Who shakes heaven's axles with his awfu
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With reverence listening to the dread c
The clouds dispel, the winds their breat
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the
'Celestials! your attentive ears incline!
Since (said the god) the Trojans must n
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line—
Since endless jarrings and immortal hate
Tend but to discompose our happy state
The war henceforward be resign'd to fat
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall:
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots their fates
Let these assault, if Fortune be their fri
And, if she favours those, let those defe
The Fates will find their way.' The thun
And shook the sacred honours of his hea
Attesting Styx, the inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother go
Trembled the poles of heaven: and earth
the nod.

This end the sessions had: the senate ri
nd to his palace wait their sovereign t
skies.

Meantime, intent upon their siege, th
Within their walls the Trojan host inclo

nd, they kill, they watch at every
ne fires, and urge their happy fate.
Eneans wish in vain their wanted ch
s of flight, more hopeless of relief.
the towers they stand; and even tho
le, fainting, and dejected crew.
the face of danger some there stood
wo bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
, and Acmon: both the' Assaraci;
g Hæmon, and, though young, resolv'd
these were Clarus and Thymœtes join
is and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
m Acmon's hands a rolling stone there c
large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name
ong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bo
is brother Mnestheus could not more
r the great father of the' intrepid son. [d
me firebrands throw, some flights of arrow
darts, and some with stones,
beauteous boy,

There Capys, author of the Capuan name,
And there was Mnestheus too, increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.
This mortal war was wag'd on either side.
Meantime the hero eats the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief:
His name and country told, and ask'd relief;
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd!
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd;
What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
Then show'd the slippery state of human-kind,
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,
And to his wholesome counsel added prayer.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.
They soon set sail; nor now the Fates withstand;
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.
Æneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear—
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful shade Æneas sate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
And oft of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft of the stars, and of their watery way;
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.
Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing,
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.
A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
Borne in the Tiger through the foaming sea;

rom Clusium brought, and Cosa, by his care:
or arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear,
ierce Abas next: his men bright armour wore:
His stern Apollo's golden statue bore.
Six hundred Populonia sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
Asylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering stars;
From offer'd entrails, prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
[redacted] in warlike order stand,
[redacted] command.

Who heav'd a rock, and, threatening still to throw,
With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain—
The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name—
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:
Three several tribes compose the government;
Four towns are under each: but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore—
Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.
These grave Auletes leads: a hundred sweep
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.
Him and his martial train, the Triton bears:
High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound:
And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waist he shows;
A porpoise-tail beneath his belly grows:
And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides;
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.
Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood;

But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast;
Her right hand stops the stern: her left divide
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.
She spoke for all the choir, and thus began
With pleasing words to warn the' unknowing n
'Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awa
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track,
And haste your course. Your navy once were

Parting she spoke; and with immortal force
Push'd on the vessel in her watery course;
For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind.
The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes:
'Hear thou, great Mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight:
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.'
He said no more. And now renewing day
Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
He charg'd the soldiers, with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of the' ensuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below
His camp encompass'd, and the' inclosing foe.
His blazing shield, embrac'd, he held on high:
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply. [throw
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.
King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,
The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er,
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,

And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden shield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights, [frights.
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent,
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
'What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune sends-
In ardent arms to meet the' invading foe:
find him at advantage now.
but only dare:

ce on the vessel, that her keel may wound
s hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
: me securely land—I ask no more;
en sink my ships, or shatter on the shore.'
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends:
ey tug at every oar; and every stretcher bends:
ey run their ships aground: the vessels knock
ius forc'd ashore), and tremble with the shock.
rchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood:
ick on a bank, and beaten by the flood,
e breaks her back; the loosen'd sides give way,
id plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
eir broken oars and floating planks withstand
eir passage while they labour to the land;
id ebbing tides bear back upon the' uncertain sand.
Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,
lvancing to the margin of the sea.
e trumpets sound: Æneas first assail'd
e clowns new-rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.
eat Theron fell, an omen of the fight—
eat Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.
e first in open fields defied the prince:
it armour scal'd with gold was no defence
gainst the fated sword, which open'd wide
s plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.
Next Lichas fell, who, not like others born,
as from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn;
cred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee;
r his beginning life from biting steel was free.
ot far from him was Gyas laid along,
f monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong:
ain bulk and strength! for, when the chief assail'd,
or valour nor Herculean arms avail'd,

ıeir fam'd father, wont in war to go
great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
ıoisy Pharos next receiv'd his death:
as writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling
breath.
en wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
ıo courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,
ıd sought with lust obscene polluted joys—
he Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his seven bold brethren stopp'd the co
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
darts were thrown at once: and some reb
hield, some on his helmet s
hat his mother's

g fate directs the lance awry,
lancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
ide of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
om afar, at Dryops took his aim.
ear flew hissing through the middle space,
ierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
pp'd at once the passage of his wind,
he free soul to flitting air resign'd:
orehead was the first that struck the ground;
blood and life rush'd mingled through the wound.
slew three brothers of the Borean race,
l three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
d sent to war; but all the sons of Thrace.
lesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads;
ie son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
nspicuous on his horse. On either hand,
ese fight to keep, and those to win, the land.
ith mutual blood the' Ausonian soil is dy'd,
hile on its borders each their claim decide.
As wintry winds, contending in the sky,
ith equal force of lungs their titles try:
ey rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
inds without motion, and the tide undriven:
ch bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
ey long suspend the fortune of the field.
th armies thus perform what courage can;
ot set to foot, and mingled, man to man.
But, in another part, the' Arcadian horse
ith ill success engage the Latian force:
r, where the' impetuous torrent, rushing down,
ge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,
ey left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight
foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.

, who, with disdain and grief, had view'd
ocs pursuing and his friends pursued,
threatenings mix'd with pray'rs, his last
resource,
th these to move their minds, with those to fire
their force.
Which way, companions? whither would you run?
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame:
By my youth, emulous of equal right
To share his honours—shun ignoble flight!
'Trust not your feet: your hands must hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that forward path that we must come:
'Tis through that forward path that we must come:
lies our way, and that our passage home.
nor destinies below,
l strength we go,

For, warding his at once, at once he press'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdame's bed with impious lust.
And, after him, the Daunian twins were slain,
Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian plain;
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes—
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides:
For Thymbrus' head was lopp'd; and Laris' hand,
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the falchion strain,
And threaten still the extended stroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, the' Arcadians came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
Then, with a casual blow was Rhœteus slain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:
The flying spear was after Ilus sent;
But Rhœteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.
As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:—

So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood:
But first collected in his arms he stood:
Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres, fell.
Around his head he toss'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye;
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.

To the rude shock of war both armies came;
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands—
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
'Let none presume his needless aid to join:
Retire and clear the field: the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh! were his father here, my just revenge to view!'
From the forbidden space his men retir'd.
Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admir'd;
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering sight,
Struck with his haughty mien and towering height:
Then to the king: 'Your empty vaunts forbear:
Success I hope; and fate I cannot fear.
Alive, or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.'
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace.
Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion—when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand—
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

ing Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
in due distance of his flying lance,
pares to charge him first—resolv'd to try
ortune would his want of force supply;
l thus to heaven and Hercules address'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest!
is son adjures thee by those holy rites,
hat hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils.' 'Twas heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast.
Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began:
'Short bounds of life are set to mortal man:
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
sons of gods, in bloody fight
of Troy, have lost the light;
eath his foe;
blow.

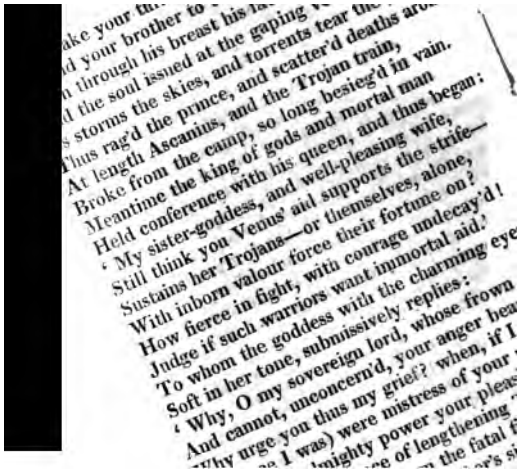
[redacted]

ith tugs at the broken wood:
s issuing with the vital blood:
rms upon his body sound:
bloody teeth he bites the ground.
rode the corpse: 'Arcadians, hear,
nessage to your master bear:
e deserv'd, the son I send:
ear to be the Phrygian's friend.
dy, tell him, I bestow
st his wandering ghost below.'
rampled down, with all the force
t, and spurn'd the wretched corse;
the shining belt, with gold inlaid—
tion's artful hands had made;
tal brides, express'd to sight,
pass of one mournful night,
bridegrooms of returning light.
ir insulting Turnus tore
spoils, and in a worse he wore.
ind in fate, who never know
ortune, or endure the low!
come, when Turnus, but in vain,
ouch'd the trophies of the slain—
fatal belt were far away,
dire remembrance of the day.
adians, from the' unhappy field,
breathless body on a shield.
rief of war! at once restor'd,
to thy sire, at once deplor'd.
ent thee to the fighting field,
heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
d thee dead, and borne upon thy
l.

Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.
Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near:
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms, he shone amidst the crowd,
Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field:
The holy coward fell; and, forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one blow,
Sent him an offering to the shades below.
His arms Serestus on his shoulders bears,
Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.
Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight,
And Umbro, born upon the mountain's height.
The champion cheers his troops to encounter those,
And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
At Anxur's shield he drove: and, at the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms,
So made by mutter'd spells; and, from the spheres,
Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
With his protended lance he makes defence;
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and (as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray)
Mows off his head: the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
Lie there, proud man, unpitied on the plain;

Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home,
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey,
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.
  On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd along
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong,
Both great in arms; and both were fair and young.
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amyclæ fix'd his silent easy reign.
  And as Æsopus, when with heaven he strove

brethren both. The former wav'd in air
flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his spear,
s'd to threats, and more nnus'd to fear.
n Liger thus: 'Thy confidence is vain
scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield:
fatal hour is come; and this the field.'
s Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
urn'd his answer with his flying spear.
Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,
ne to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
par'd for fight—the fatal dart arrives,
l through the border of his buckler drives,
s'd through, and pierc'd his groin. The deadly
wound,
t from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground:
om thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:
ame not the slowness of your steeds in flight:
n shadows did not force their swift retreat;
you yourself forsake your empty seat.'
said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein:
Liger lay already on the plain
the same shock: then, stretching out his hands,
recreant thus his wretched life demands:
ow by thyself, O more than mortal man!
her and him from whom thy breath began,
o form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare
is forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r.'
us much he spoke, and more he would have said;
t the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
d cut him short: 'I hear another man:
u talk'd not thus before the fight began.



le space, a lengthen'd span,
›rieve for this expiring man,
leave to take your Turnus hence
it fate, and can so far dispense.
› secret meaning lies beneath,
short-liv'd youth from destin'd death,
her thought you enter tain,
he fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
if that request, your tongue denies,
shall grant—and not a short reprieve,
›f certain life, to Turnus give?
/ death attends the guiltless youth,
ging soul divines with truth;
I wish might err through causeless fears,
r you have power) prolong his years!'
ng said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
a storm before her through the skies.
scends, alighting on the plain,
ierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
ms'd, a spectre soon she made;
Eneas was, such seem'd the shade.
h Dardan arms, the phantom bore
›ft; a plumy crest he wore:
›pear'd a shining sword to wield,
stain'd an imitated shield.
mien he stalk'd along the ground,
voice belied, nor vaunting sound.
ing ghosts appear to waking sight,
visions in our dreams by night.)
seems the Daunian chief to dare,
es his empty sword in air.
aucing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:
n wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.

Book IX.

ÆNEIS.

ıded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
l with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Vhither, O coward! (thus he calls aloud,
or found he spoke to wind,) and chas'd a cloud!
Vhy thus forsake your bride? Receive from me
Tho fated land you sought so long by sea.'
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursued the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore;
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
ther there the trembling shadow bent,
hulk'd, and under hatches went.

Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they say of their deserting chief?
The war was mine: I fly from their relief!
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And even from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie;
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive!
Or, oh! ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve!
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more—
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame,
Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim.'

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd:
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea, took place—
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.
Thrice he the sword essay'd, and thrice the flood:
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood,
And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales supplied,
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire:
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire

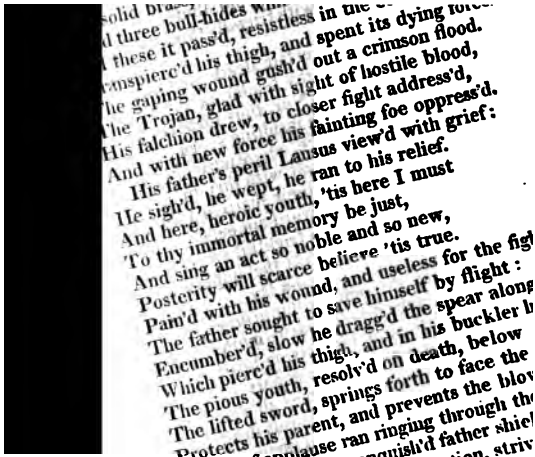
ÆNEIS. Book 10,

—on him, and him alone,
y'd, and all their darts are thrown.
rock by seas inclos'd,
s and roaring waves oppos'd,
d summit looking down, disdains
nenace, and unmov'd remains.
s feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
s, and Palmus as he fled.
a weighty stone he flung:
as flatted, and his helmet rung.
s from behind receives his wound:
'd he falls, and grovels on the ground;
pour, from his body torn,
thy head, adorn.

From Corythus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummate night.
Mezentius sees him through the squadron ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain—
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws:
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore;
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground;
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued,
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But, running, gain'd the' advantage of the ground:
Then turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:
'Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!'
The fields around with 'Iö Pæan!' ring;
And peals of shouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death:
'Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain,
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.'

what belo
die thou first, whatev
said, and from the wound the wea
hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight,
nd seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.
By Cædicus, Alcathöus was slain:
acrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew,
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master, as he made a bound:
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground;
Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails:
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails
Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride
To single fight the boldest foe defied;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not belied his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Authronius sent:
ame fate the victor underwent,
well skill'd to thr

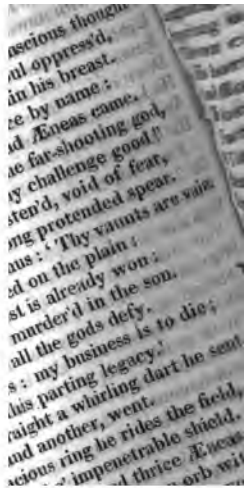
idst the crowd, infernal Atê shakes
scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.
nce more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
ndish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,
ere tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
e tall Orion stalking o'er the flood
ien with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves).
ike a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
p fix'd in earth—in clouds he hides his head.
he Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
ected in his strength, and like a rock
'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
/ strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!
ose only gods Mezentius will invoke):
armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
ny triumphant Lausus shall be worn.'
aid; and with his utmost force he threw
massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
ch'd the celestial shield: that stopp'd the course;
glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
k a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
side and bowels, fam'd Antores fix'd.
ores had from Argos travell'd far,
les' friend, and brother of the war;
tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
in Evander's palace sought repose.
/ falling by another's wound, his eyes
casts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
e pious Trojan then his javelin sent:
shield gave way: through triple plates it went



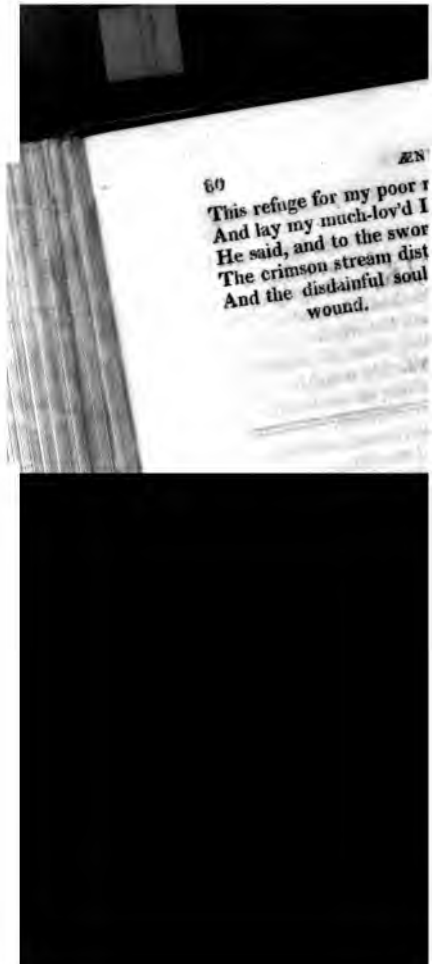
Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on every side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threatening cried:
'Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love?'—Nor, thus forborne,
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the lingering prince, whose patience, tir'd,
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd shears;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
Through shield and corslet forc'd the' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams through the thin armour strove,
And drench'd the' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
He griev'd; he wept, (the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love—a sadly pleasing thought)
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:
'Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate, and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.

With clotted locks, and blood [illegible]
the wound.
Meantime, his father, now no father
And wash'd his wounds, by Tyber's ye
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o
His fainting limbs against an oak he le
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the p
A chosen train of youth around him st
His drooping head was rested on his h
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sou
And all on Lausus ran his restless thou
Careful, concern'd his danger to preve
He much inquir'd, and many a messag
To warn him from the field—alas! in
Behold his mournful followers bear hi
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yav
And drew a bloody trail along the gr
Far off he heard their cries, far off div
The dire event with a foreboding min
[illegible] first his hoary

bitter banishment I feel:
nd too deep for time to heal.
growing virtues did defame;
blotted thy unblemish'd name.
throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
eeds, were punishments too mild:
ople these, and, from their hate,
ntment could have borne my fate.
, and yet sustain the sight
, and of more hated light—
ng.' With that he rais'd from ground
mbs that stagger'd with his wound;
ind resolv'd and unappall'd
perils, for his courser call'd—
well-manag'd, whom himself did
e, and mounted with success—
s, his ornament in peace.
courage with a gentle stroke,
n'd sensible, while thus he spoke:
we have liv'd too long for me—
were terms that could agree.
either shalt bring back the head
ophies of the Trojan dead—
ither shalt revenge my woe,
ausus, on his cruel foe;
le Fate deny
with thy conquer'd master die:
a lord, I rest secure,
reign reins, or Trojan load, endure.'
traight the' officious courser kneels,
nted weight. His hands he fills
velins: on his head he lac'd
elm, which terribly was grac'd



Book 10. ÆNEIS.
Just where the stroke was aim'
spear
Made way; and stood transfix'd th
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpri
The wounded steed curvets, and
Lights on his feet before: his h
Spring up in air aloft, and lash
Down comes the rider headlon
His horse came after with unw
And floundering forward, pitch
His lord's encumber'd shoulde
From either host, the ming
Of Trojans and Rutulians re
Æneas, hastening, wav'd his
High o'er his head, with thi
'Now! where are now thy
Of proud Mezentius, and
Struggling, and wildly s
With scarce recover'd sig
'Why these insulting wo
'To souls undaunted, and
'Tis no dishonour for the
Nor came I here with h
Nor ask I life, nor fou
As I had us'd my fortu
My dying son contrac
The gift is hateful fro
For this, this only fa
If pity can to conqu
Refuse it not: but
The last retreat of
Too well I know t
Protect me from


60 ÆN
This refuge for my poor r
And lay my much-lov'd I
He said, and to the swor
The crimson stream dist
And the disdainful soul
wound.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce
he dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with
ity. Latinus calls a council, to propose offers
Æneas; which occasions great animosity betwixt
Drances. In the meantime there is a sharp en-
the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself,
the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

l the rosy morning rais'd her head
waves, and left her watery bed;
hief, whom double cares attend
aried soldiers and his friend,
heaven perform'd a victor's vows:
ancient oak of all her boughs;
ising ground the trunk he plac'd,
the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
arms by proud Mezentius worn,
aked snag in triumph borne,
n high, and glitter'd from afar:
cred to the god of war.

c his arms, [illegible]
ear'd its plumy crest, [illegible]
brazen buckler on the left wa[illegible]
uncheons of sliver'd lances hung betwe[illegible]
nd on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man,
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
'Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure succes:
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town:
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,
And, in this omen, is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chanc
That none unwarn'd may plead his ignoran
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may fi
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps p
[illegible]our dead companions of the w
[illegible] the living can bestow.
[illegible]from contemp[illegible]

i equal faith, but less auspicious care:
attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
›op of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
eat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
rear his drooping forehead from the ground:
when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
h Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
, melting into tears, the pious man
or'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
appy youth! when Fortune gave the rest
y full wishes, she refus'd the best!
ame; but brought not thee along, to bless
onging eyes, and share in my success:
rudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
rosperous valour, in the public view.
thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
needless succour with a sad consent;
rac'd me, parting for the' Etrurian land,
sent me to possess a large command.
arn'd, and from his own experience told,
foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold.
now, perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
odours on his loaded altars burn;
e we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
nd him back his portion of the war,
›ody breathless body, which can owe
rther debt but to the powers below.
retched father, ere his race is run,
view the funeral honours of his son!
e are my triumphs of the Latian war,
; of my plighted faith and boasted care!

yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry:
hou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He died no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has the' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!'
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief—
A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
ken twigs they twist an easy bier,
shoulders the sad burden rear.
hearse is borne:
ons the bier ado

hen, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
he' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,
ppointed offerings in the victor's name,
o sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.
nferior trophies by the chiefs are borne:
auntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn;
nd fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
f Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpse attends,
ith feeble steps, supported by his friends.
ausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd,
etwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
here grovelling while he lies in deep despair,
e beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
ne champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
esmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
ipp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.
ne lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
e borne behind:—the victor seiz'd the rest.
ne march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound:
ne pikes and lances trail along the ground.
ns while the Trojan and Arcadian horse
Pallantean towers direct their course,
long procession rank'd; the pious chief
opp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
he public care, (he said) which war attends,
verts our present woes, at least suspends.
ace with the manes of great Pallas dwell!
il holy relics! and a last farewell!'
said no more, but, inly though he mourn'd,
strain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Beg [illegible]
They plead, that [illegible]
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle
All cause of hate was ended in their
Nor could he war with bodies void
A king, they hop'd, would hear a k
Whose son he once was call'd, and
Their suit, which was too just to
The hero grants, and further thus
'O Latian princes! how severe a
In causeless quarrels has involv'd
And arm'd against an unoffendin
Who sought your friendship ere
You beg a truce, which I would
Not only for the slain, but those
I came not hither but by heave
And sent by fate to share the I
Nor wage I wars unjust: your
My proffer'd friendship, and m
Left me for Turnus. Turnus
His cause in arms, to conque
[illegible]ht and his are in dispu
[illegible] quarr

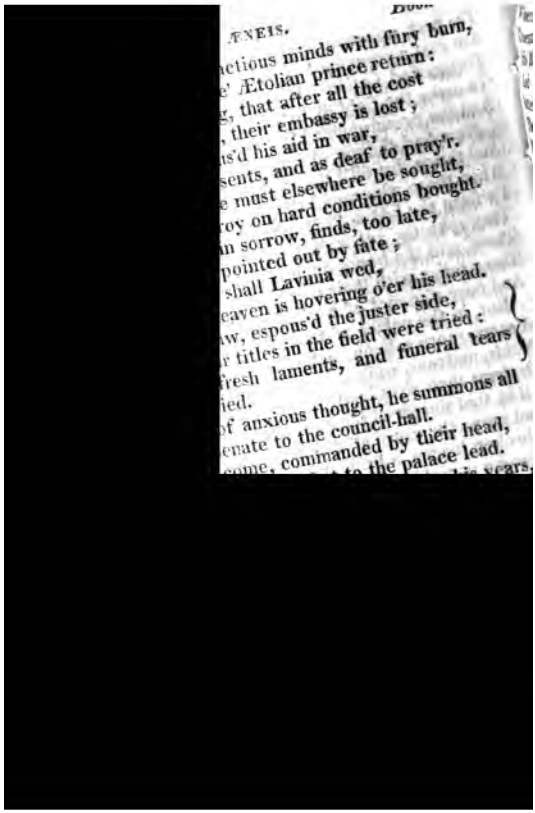
heir chief, who harbour'd in his breast
to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
nce first, and to the godlike-man,
eful action bowing, thus began:
ious prince, in arms a mighty name,
hose actions far transcend your fame!
our justice or your force express,
an but equal; and all words are less.
ver we shall thankfully relate,
rs granted to the Latian state.
success our labours shall attend,
ce concluded, and the king your friend:
us leave the realm to your command;
alliance in some other land:
the city which your fates assign;
be proud in the great work to join.'
nces; and his words so well persuade
empower'd, that soon a truce is made.
ays the term allow'd: and during those,
nd Trojans, now no longer foes,
the woods, for funeral piles prepare
e timber, and forget the war.
s through the groaning groves resound:
ntain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground:
rom high; and some the trunks receive
wains; with wedges some they cleave.
w the fatal news by Fame is blown
the short circuit of the' Arcadian town,
s slain—by Fame, which just before
phs on distended pinions bore.
from out the gate, the people stand,
h a funeral flambeau in his hand.
ey stare, distracted with amaze:
s are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,

And their [illegible]
The town is fill'd with tumult [illegible]
Till the loud clamours reach Evander
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves
Falls on the corpse; and groaning t
With silent grief, that speaks but a
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till
A passage, and at once he weeps a
'O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy
To fight with caution, not to temp
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for w
What perils youthful ardour woul
That boiling blood would carry t
Young as thou wert in dangers, n
O curs'd essay of arms! disastro
Prelude of bloody fields, and fi
Hard elements of inauspicious
Vain vows to heaven, and unav
Thrice happy thou, dear partne
Whose holy soul the stroke of
[illegible] leaving

the stroke was aim'd, the' unerring
ar
nd stood transfix'd through either ear.
nwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
l steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,
feet before: his hoofs behind
air aloft, and lash the wind.
the rider headlong from his height:
ne after with unwieldy weight,
ing forward, pitching on his head,
cumber'd shoulder overlaid.
er host, the mingled shouts and cries
nd Rutulians rend the skies:
ning, wav'd his fatal sword
head, with this reproachful word:
e are now thy taunts, the fierce disdain
ezentius, and the lofty strain?'
, and wildly staring on the skies
recover'd sight, he thus replies:
insulting words, this waste of breath,
aunted, and secure of death?
nour for the brave to die:
here with hope of victory;
e, nor fought with that design.
l my fortune, use thou thine.
n contracted no such band;
ateful from his murderer's hand.
only favour let me sue:
to conquer'd foes be due,
t: but let my body have
reat of human kind, a grave.
now the' insulting people's hate:
from their vengeance after fate:

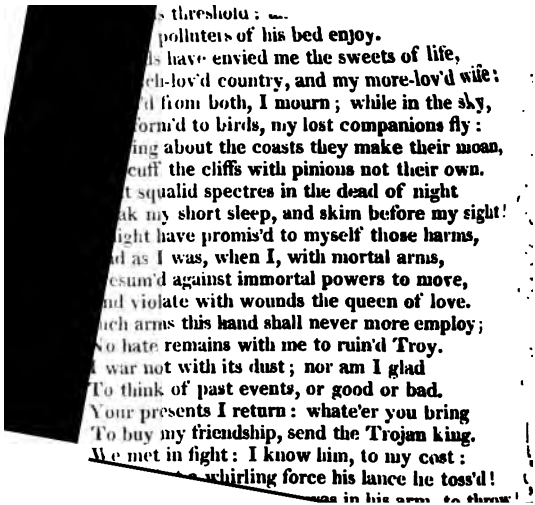
Then thrice around the kindled p
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so):
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead
Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the grou
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sou
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe—
Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining s
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms restore-
The falchions which in luckless fight they bor
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep, expir
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep thei
ing friends—
Lingering along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heaven with starry
d Latians, with like pious c

st, unhonour'd, and without a name,
ast a common heap to feed the flame.
ans and Latians vie with like desires
make the field of battle shine with fires;
l the promiscuous blaze to heaven aspires.
low had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
l thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night,
en those who round the wasted fires remain,
form the last sad office to the slain.
ey rake the yet warm ashes from below;
se, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
se relics with their country rites they grace,
l raise a mount of turf to mark the place.
But, in the palace of the king, appears
cene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
ids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
phans their sires, and sires lament their sons.
in that universal sorrow share,
d curse the cause of this unhappy war—
roken league, a bride unjustly sought,
rown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
ese are the crimes, with which they load the name
Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:
et him, who lords it o'er the' Ausonian land,
gage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
is the gain: our lot is but to serve:
just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve.'
is Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite,
foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
r Turnus wants a party, to support
cause and credit in the Latian court.
s former acts secure his present fame;
d the queen shades him with her mighty name.



ÆNEIS. Book
nctious minds with fury burn,
c' Ætolian prince return:
g, that after all the cost
, their embassy is lost;
ts'd his aid in war,
sents, and as deaf to pray'r.
e must elsewhere be sought,
roy on hard conditions bought.
n sorrow, finds, too late,
pointed out by fate;
shall Lavinia wed,
eaven is hovering o'er his head.
w, espous'd the juster side,
r titles in the field were tried:
fresh laments, and funeral tears
fied.
of anxious thought, he summons all
enate to the council-hall.
come, commanded by their head,
to the palace lead.

When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from the king.
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,
And tell the' important cause for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Made this return: "Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest,
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword—
A needless ill, your ancestors abhorr'd?
We—for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came
(Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling Simoïs to the main)—
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he sought.
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driven,
Outcasts abandon'd by the care of heaven—
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd
In storms—the vengeful Capharean coast—
The' Eubœan rocks—the prince, whose brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
Egypt lost. Ulysses, with his men,
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops' den.
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain
Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again?
The young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Or me, the king of men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,



s threshold: —
polluters of his bed enjoy.
ls have envied me the sweets of life,
ch-lov'd country, and my more-lov'd wife:
'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
form'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
ing about the coasts they make their moan,
cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
t squalid spectres in the dead of night
ak my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
ight have promis'd to myself those harms,
d as I was, when I, with mortal arms,
esum'd against immortal powers to move,
nd violate with wounds the queen of love.
uch arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight: I know him, to my cost:
whirling force his lance he toss'd!
was in his arm, to throw!

Æneas, not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
The' impending dangers of a fatal war.'
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
Refus'd the' alliance, and advis'd a truce.'
Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course,
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along the' uneasy race;
White foam in gathering eddies floats around;
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
'I wish, ye Latians, what ye now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late.
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise, than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race—unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words explain—
Vanquish'd without resource—laid flat by fate—
Factions within, a foe without the gate!
Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:

Along the [illegible]
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitfi
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that l
If you consent, the Trojans shall com
Call'd into part of what is ours; and t
On terms agreed, the common country
There let them build and settle, if the
Unless they choose once more to cros
In search of seats remote from Italy,
And from unwelcome inmates set us f
Then twice ten galleys let us build wi
Or twice as many more, if more they
Materials are at hand: a well-grown
Runs equal with the margin of the fl
Let them the number and the form a
The care and cost of all the stores be
To treat the peace, a hundred senato
Shall be commission'd hence with am
With olive crown'd: the presents they
[illegible] robe, a royal ivory chair,

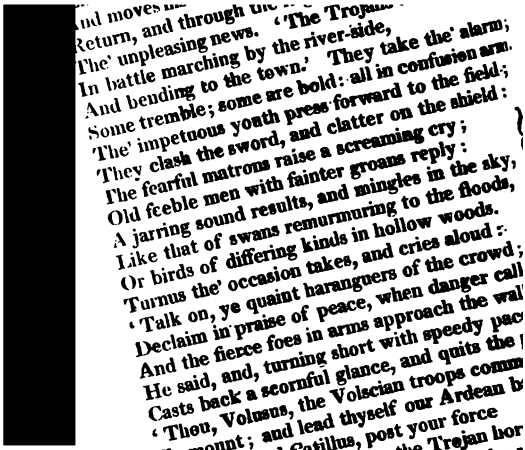
other was, and near the throne:
is father's parentage, unknown.
l took the' advantage of the times,
ng Turnus with invidious crimes.
, O king, (said he) your words contain,
: sense, and all replies are vain;
r loyal subjects now to seek
m needs require; but fear to speak.
: leave of speech, that haughty man,
this inauspicious war began;
nbition (let me dare to say,
rt, though death is in my way),
' Latium run with blood around;
ant heroes bite the ground;
ef in every face appears;
ourning, and a land in tears;
' undoubted author of our harms,
) menaces the gods with arms,
his boasts, forsook the fight,
is safety in ignoble flight.
kings, since you propose to send
us presents to your Trojan friend;
:ater at our joint request,
: values more than all the rest:
fair Lavinia for his bride:
ance let the league be tied,
eeding land a lasting peace provide.
no longer awe the throne;
ather's right, bestow your own.
ner of the general good,
ir his force, he must be woo'd:
godhead we with prayers implore,
to release, and our just rights restore.

Our peace and public safety
Let the fair bride to the brave chief r
If not, the peace, without the pledge,
Turnus, I know you think me not you
Nor will I much with your belief con
I beg your greatness not to give the h
In other realms, but, beaten, to withd
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sink
Your interest is, the war should never
But we have felt enough to wish the
A land exhausted to the last remains
Depopulated towns, and driven plain
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of
A beauteous princess, with a crown
So fire your mind, in arms assert yo
And meet your foe, who dares you
Mankind, it seems, is made for you
We, but the slaves who mount you
A base ignoble crowd, without a n
worthy of the funeral

These words, so full of malice mix'd with art,
lam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
en groaning from the bottom of his breast,
heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd:
ou, Drances, never want a stream of words,
en, when the public need requires our swords.
st in the council-hall to steer the state,
d ever foremost in a tongue-debate,
ıile our strong walls secure us from the foe,
e yet with blood our ditches overflow:
ıt let the potent orator declaim,
ıd with the brand of coward blot my name;
ee leave is given him, when his fatal hand
ıs cover'd with more corpse the sanguine strand,
ıd high as mine his towering trophies stand.
any doubt remains who dares the most,
t us decide it at the Trojans' cost,
ıd issue both a-breast, where honour calls—
oes are not far to seek without the walls);
ıless his noisy tongue can only fight,
ıd feet were given him, but to speed his flight.
eaten from the field? I forc'd away?
ho, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
ıd he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
ıd witness'd for me what his tongue denies—
ıat heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
ıd how the bloody Tyber swell'd the main.
I saw, but he, the' Arcadian troops retire
scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
e giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
vas not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
ıt such the Trojans tried me, when, inclos'd,
ingly their united arms oppos'd—

'Tis a destructive [illegible]
But to the Phrygian pirate, [illegible]
Meantime proceed to fill the peoples [illegible]
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race;
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'erthrown;
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say, rapid Aufidus with awful dread
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge; dismiss that vanity:
Thou, Drancea, art below a death from me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest;
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate—
If in your arms thus early you diffide,
And think your fortune is already tried;
[illegible] has brought us down so low
[illegible] to meet the foe:

still have fresh recruits in store,
'ederates can afford us more;
ended field we bravely fought:
bloodless victory was bought;
s equal'd ours; and, for their slain,
fires they fill'd the shining plain;
nforc'd, should we so tamely yield,
e trumpet sounds, resign the field?
pected, evils unforeseen,
turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
l aloft, come tumbling down amain;
) hard, they bound and rise again.
e refuse his aid to lend,
Messapus yet remains our friend:
who foretels events, is ours:
chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs:
1 number, nor in name the last,
brave subjects have our cause embrac'd.
rest, the Volscian Amazon
1 army in herself alone,
a squadron, terrible to sight,
ring shields, in brazen armour bright.
foe a single fight demand,
e the public peace withstand;
ient, he shall not be refus'd,
hand to victory unus'd.
chilles, let him take the field,
armour, and Vulcanian shield!
y royal father, and my fame,
not the least of all my name,
soul. He calls me hand to hand:
) will answer his demand.
ll rest secure, and neither share
, nor divide the prize, of war



Who, forc'd against his reason, had complied
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to sink new trenches; others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
Hoarse trumpets sound the' alarm: around the
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour
A sad procession in the streets is seen,
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
With down-cast eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple sta
Prayers in their mouths, and presents in their h
With censers, first they fume the sacred shrin
Then in this common supplication join:
'O patroness of arms! unspotted maid!
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latians aid!
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.
Now Turnus arms for fight, his back and b
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:
The cuishes which his brawny thighs infold,
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful falchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide
But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower descen
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken r
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds;
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:

le swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
nd o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
le neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
efore his ample chest the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
he Volscians and their virgin leader wait
is last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
ights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
er squadron imitates, and each descends:
Vhose common suit Camilla thus commends:
If sense of honour, if a soul secure
f inborn worth that can all tests endure,
an promise aught, or on itself rely,

Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse:
The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce
With those of Tibur, and the Latian band,
Subjected all to thy supreme command.'
This said, he warns Messapus to the war;
Then every chief exhorts with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.
Inclos'd with hills a winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise.
A narrow track, by human steps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands,
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.
The top is level—an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress;
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony show'r.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.
Meantime, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies,
Beheld the' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: 'Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes—
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train,
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
'Twas born with her; and with her years it grew.

From old [redacted]
Snatch'd up, and save[redacted]
This tender babe, companion of [redacted]
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains;
The raging flood his further flight restrains,
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste
Then, desperate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore:
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow spac
With twigs of bending osier bound the ca
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human
[redacted] invok'd my favour for the freig
[redacted] goddess of the woods (h
[redacted] maid!

Nor, after that, in towns which walls inc
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foe
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie:
Earth was his couch; his covering was t
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he
The dugs of bears, and every savage bea
He drew, and through her lips the liquo
The little Amazon could scarcely go—
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;
And, that she might her staggering steps
He with a slender javelin fills her hand.
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty g
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'ersprea
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her
The flying dart she first attempts to flin
And round her tender temples toss'd th
Then, as her strength with years increas
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,
And from the clouds to fetch the hero
crane.
The Tuscan matrons with each other v
To bless their rival sons with such a br
But she disdains their love, to share wi
The silvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
And, oh! I wish, contented with my c
Of savage spoils, she had not sought th
Then had she been of my celestial train
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to
But, since, opposing heaven's decree, s
To find her death among forbidden foe

here, [illegible]
his bow to thee, [illegible] revenge [illegible]
This chosen arrow, to revenge [illegible]
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid
To bear the breathless body of my maid:
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand,
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.'
She said. The faithful nymph descends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body
fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force
Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers b
Press forward on their bits, and shift their gr
Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
And the fields, come on with furious forc
[illegible] and the Latian horse:
[illegible] either hand

Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus void of
By mettled coursers borne in full
Meet first oppos'd; and, with a n
Their horses' heads against each
Far from his steed is fierce Acon
As with an engine's force, or ligh
He rolls along in blood, and brea
The Latin squadrons take a sudd
And sling their shields behind, tc
in flight.
Spurring at speed, to their own w
Close in the rear the Tuscan troo
And urge their flight: Asylas lea
Till, seiz'd with shame, they whee
Receive their foes, and raise a thr
The Tuscans take their turn to fe
So swelling surges, with a thun
Driven on each other's backs, ins
Bound o'er the rocks, encroach u
And far upon the beach eject the
Then backward, with a swing, the
Repuls'd from upper ground, and s
sea;
With equal hurry quit the' invade
And swallow back the sand and st
before.
Twice were the Tuscans masters
Twice by the Latins, in their turn
sham'd at length, to the third ch
both hosts resolv'd, and mingled n
Now dying groans are heard: the
With falling bodies, and are drunk
arms, horses, men, on heaps toget
confus'd the fight, and more confu

Strong [illegible]
And struck the stee[illegible]
The fiery steed, impatient of the [illegible]
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,
His helpless lord cast backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying
Across the shoulders came the feather'd woun
Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the groun
The sands withstreaming blood are sanguin
And death, with honour, sought on either si
Resistless, through the war Camilla rode
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blo
One side was bare for her exerted breast
One shoulder with her painted quiver pr
Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
[illegible] with her axe's edge she hews her
[illegible] she quits t

Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled
With such return'd triumphant from the war.
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony shiel
With female shouts resound the Phrygian field
Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain-ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd
A purple stream came spouting from the wou
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the groun
Liris and Pagasus at once she slew:
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew
Of his faint steed—the latter, as he stretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd
By the same weapon, sent from the same hanc
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain:
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornytus bestrode a hunter steed,
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.
Him, from afar, she spied in arms unknown:
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown;
His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spr
A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd aroun
head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in
throng.

And slew
Vain hunter! dost —
chase
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race;
Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory:
A woman warrior was too strong for thee.
Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqueror's name,
Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.'
Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew—
But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply;
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her axe, and rises to the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way
groans, he roars, he sues in vain for gr
with his blood, besmear
by chance,

It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When foot to foot you combat with a man.'
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the pla
And leaves her horse at large among her trai
With her drawn sword defies him to the field
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succ
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hide
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
'Vain fool, and coward! (said the lofty maid
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast la
Oh others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire.'
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's hea
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rei
And laid the boaster groveling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces b
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbl
the ground.
Now mighty Jove, from his superior heigh
With his broad eye surveys the' unequal fight
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,
And sends him to redeem the' abandon'd pla
Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides;
Recals each leader, by his name, from flight
Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.

What p[illegible]
O brand perpetu[illegible] a wom[illegible]
Cowards incurable! a wom[illegible]
Drives, breaks, and scatters, your ignoble
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;
When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
And the shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals.
These are your studied cares, your lewd delight-
Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight.'
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to lose.
The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong h
In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the v
'Twas Venulus, whom from his horse he tor
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bor
Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their
And view the' unusual sight with vast sur
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Press'd in his arms the ponderous prey s
[illegible] shorten'd spear, explores
[illegible] deadly wound

Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threatening tail.
Against the victor, all defence is weak:
The' imperial bird still plies her with his beak;
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores,
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings; and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er:
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds;
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.

Blind in her [illegible],
And seeks his life, regardless of her ow
This lucky moment the sly traitor chos
Then, starting from his ambush, up he
And threw—but first to heaven address'd
'O patron of Soracte's high abodes!
Phœbus, the ruling power among the
Whom first we serve: whole woods of
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory sl
By thee protected, with our naked so
Through flames unsing'd we march,
kindled coals.
Give me, propitious power, to wash
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fa
But with my future actions trust my
Let me, by stealth, this female plagu
And from the field return inglorious
Apollo heard, and, granting half h
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd
He gives the death desir'd: his safe
By southern tempests to the seas is

Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares be further to pursue his blow,
Or e'en to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands:
The wood she draws, the steely point remains:
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains—
(A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies)—
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
'Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus: fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:—
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein:
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword; she nods her plumy crest,
Her drooping head declining on her breast:

A shout,
Despair and rage, and ...
The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in ...
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians
But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war
Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the p
Weltering in blood, she sees Camilla slai
And, round her corpse, of friends and
fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breast, sh
A mournful sigh, and these sad words en
'Too dear a fine, ah much-lamented mai
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not le
Her votary's death, nor with vain sorro
Branded the wretch, and be his name
But after-ages shall thy praise record
The' inglorious coward soon shall pro
... vows thy queen, and thus the I

'Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message, to Camilla go,
And say I sent thee to the shades below—
An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.'

She said, and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed:
Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heaven with female shrieks, and wring their hands.

Looks on, ...
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they
But leave their friends excluded with t
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly
'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all
Blind in their fear, they bounce against
Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate t
The Latian virgins, valiant with des
Arm'd on the towers, the common dan
So much of zeal their country's cause
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from hig
With imitated darts to gall the foe.
Their lives, for godlike freedom, they
And crowd each other to be first in
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in th
With heavy tidings came the' unhapp
'The Volscians overthrown—Camill
The foes, entirely masters of the fiel
Like a resistless flood come rolling
The cry goes off the plain, and thicke

he rough mountains to the plain descend,
ere, in order drawn, their line extend.
rmies now in open fields are seen;
· the distance of the space between.
› the city bend. Æneas sees,
h smoking fields, his hastening enemies;
rnus views the Trojans in array,
ars the' approaching horses proudly neigh.
nd their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
stward to the sea the sun declin'd.
h'd before the town both armies lie,
night with sable wings involves the sky.

BOOK XI

ARGUMEN

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single c
on, but broken by the Rutuli, w
miraculously cured by Venus, fo
concludes the poem with his deat

WHEN Turnus saw the Lat
Their armies broken, and th
Himself become the mark o
His honour question'd for th
The more he was with vulg
The more his fury boil'd wi

So Turnus fares: his eye-balls flash with fire;
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
'No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce: the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight:
This arm unaided shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.'
To whom the king sedately thus replied:
'Brave youth! the more your valour has been tried,
The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities which your arms have made your own:
My towns and treasures are at your command;
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
Unmarried, fair, of noble families.
Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.

I pro...
Her from her plighted lord by ...
All ties of treaties, and of honour, broke :
On your account I wag'd an impious war-
With what success, 'tis needless to declare
I and my subjects feel : and you have ha
share.
Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields w
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes ali
The rolling flood runs warm with human
The bones of Latians blanch the neighbouri
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should I not procure it whilst you li
Should I to doubtful arms your youth bet
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians,
And, should you fall in fight, (which heav'n de
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to hi
The daughter's lover, and the father's frien
Weigh in your mind the various chance of
... parent's age; and ease his care.'

is arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
d the blood follows, where the weapon flies.
i goddess-mother is not near, to shrowd
e flying coward with an empty cloud.'
But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
d loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
ld him by force; and, dying in his death,
these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
' Turnus! I adjure thee by these tears,
d whate'er price Amata's honour bears
thin thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
' sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop—
ce on the safety of thy life alone
pends Latinus, and the Latian throne—
fuse me not this one, this only pray'r,
wave the combat, and pursue the war.
natever chance attends this fatal strife,
ink it includes, in thine, Amata's life.
annot live a slave, or see my throne
urp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.'
At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed:
crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
rying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
e driving colours, never at a stay,
n here and there, and flush and fade away.
lightful change! thus Indian ivory shows,
nich with the bordering paint of purple glows;
lilies damask'd by the neighbouring rose.
e lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
e more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
venge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
ll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
hen fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
n to his first intent, he thus replies:

resolv'd on [illegible]
To shun my death, if heaven [illegible]
Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news;
Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's li
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fi
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shor
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide:
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.'
He said, and, striding on with speedy pace,
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach they toss their heads on high
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The sires of these Orithyia sent from far,
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so w
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divi
And others stroke their chests, and gently so
their pride.
[illegible]

ıch force he brandish'd in his hand,
ı trembled like an osier wand:
O ponderous spoil of Actor slain,
t by Turnus toss'd in vain!
lay thy wonted force: but go,
ıand to pierce the Trojan foe;
ar his corslet from his breast,
t eunuch head to rend the crest;
e dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant

: he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
ı, and sparkles from his eyes.
ɔull in his lov'd female's sight:
bellows, and preludes the fight:
goring horns against a tree,
:s his absent enemy:
the winds; he digs the strand
:k hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.
ıe Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
ht his manly courage warms:
fury, and with joy prepares
: at once the lingering wars;
chiefs and tender son, relates
had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Latian king he sends, to cease
arms, and ratify the peace.
ensuing, from the mountain's height,
r spread the skies with rosy light;
l coursers, bounding from the sea,
eir flaming nostrils breath'd the day;
he Trojan and Rutulian guard,
abour join'd, the list prepar'd.

In purest [illegible]
And living waters bear, and [illegible]
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.
In order issuing from the town, appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears:
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight:
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepa
fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commander
Glittering with gold, and vests in purple di
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian l
And there Messapus, born of seed divine.
The sign is given; and, round the listed sp
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they sta
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
studious of the sight, a numerous th
old and youn

From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies now in open fields are seen;
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend. Æneas sees,
Through smoking fields, his hastening enemies;
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears the' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,
While night with sable wings involves the sky.

And in ... ...
Then issued from the camp, in ... ...
Æneas, author of the Roman line;
And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal ra
Adorn'd in white, a reverend priest app
And offerings to the flaming altars bear
A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And strews the beasts, design'd for sacr
With salt and meal: with like officiops
He marks their foreheads, and he clips
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he
With the same generous juice the flame
Æneas then unsheath'd his shining swor
And thus with pious prayers the gods s
'All-seeing sun! and thou, Ausonian
For which I have sustain'd so long a t
... of heaven! and thou, the q

shall increase Evander's town;
all renounce the' Ausonian crown;
all questions of debate, shall cease;
they, with force infringe the peace.
juster arms prevail in fight
ey shall, if I divine aright),
shall not o'er the' Italians reign:
both unconquer'd, shall remain.
eir laws, their lands, and their abodes;
ltars for my weary gods.
those religions rites be mine:
to king Latinus I resign:
sovereign sway. Nor will I share
in peace, or his command in war.
friends another town shall frame,
ne rising towers with fair Lavinia's name.'
Then, with erected eyes and hands,
king before his altar stands.
ne heaven (said he), and earth, and main,
powers that all the three contain;
ow, and by that upper god,
nder signs the peace, who seals it with
s nod;
ma's double offspring hear,
e-fronted Janus, what I swear:
sacred altars, touch the flames,
se powers attest, and all their names:
chance befal on either side,
f time this union shall divide:
no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
he steadfast tenor of my mind:
gh the circling seas should break their
ound,
e shores, or sap the solid ground;

Shoot o...
An orphan now, cut fro...
By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear.'
When thus in public view the peace was tie
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require,
The victim beasts are slain before the fire,
The trembling entrails from their bodies tor
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne
Already the Rutulians deem'd their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight begar
First rising fears are whisper'd through the
Then, gathering sound, they murmur more
Now, side to side, they measure with their
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and th
The nearer they approach, the more is k
The' apparent disadvantage of their own.
...mus himself appears in public sight
...sponding of the figh

Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look—
A chief of ancient blood:—in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And, humouring their first motions, thus began:
'For shame, Rutulians! can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, the' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count them as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life,
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land,
Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.'
With words like these, she carried her design.
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp the' imperial bird of Jove:

The' Italians
But, while he lags, and labours
Behold, the dastard fowl return anew,
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thickening in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy co
Nor can th' encumber'd bird sustain their for
But, vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the ponderous
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
The' Ausonian bands with shouts salute th
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill impart
'At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd
This, this is what my frequent vows requi
Ye gods! I take your omen, and obey.—
Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead
These are the foreign foes, whose impion
t rapacious bird, infest our land
shall be forc'd t

Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,
Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew,
A passage through the jointed arms it found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,
And meet their ardour in the middle space.
The Tuscans, Trojans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate:
With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting prease,
Hit king Aulestes, by his purple known
Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown:
He, with a shock encountering, bore him down.

His cuirass pi...,
Then, with a scornful smile the ...
'The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.'
Greedy of spoils, the' Italians strip the dea
Of his rich armour, and uncrown his head.
Priest Chorinæus arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand;
And, as Ebusus with a thundering pace
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fi
The crackling crop a noisome scent expire
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling c
With his left hand; his other cast him dow
The prostrate body with his knees he pres
And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.
While Podalirius, with his sword, pursu
The shepherd Alsus through the flying cr
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow
... of his unwary foe.

ames your alter'd minds? O Trojans! cease
m impious arms, nor violate the peace.
human sanctions, and by laws divine,
terms are all agreed; the war is mine.
miss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
hand alone shall right the gods and you:
injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe."
hus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
inged arrow struck the pious prince.
, whether from some human hand it came,
ostile god, is left unknown by fame:
human hand, or hostile god, was found,
boast the triumph of so base a wound.
Then Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,
unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:
nce his arms and coursers he requires;
n, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
with a ready hand assumes the reins.
drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,
leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
se his lance reaches; over these he rolls
rapid car, and crushes out their souls.
ain the vanquish'd fly: the victor sends
dead men's weapons at their living friends.
hus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
god of battles, in his angry mood,
hing his sword against his brazen shield,
loose the reins, and scours along the field:
re the wind his fiery coursers fly;
ans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
th, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
faces, and deform'd) surround the car—
ds of the god, and followers of the war.

Their fleet...
The gore and gathering dust...
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:
From far the sons of Imbrasus he slew,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew—
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wi
Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the fiel
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's nam
But emulated more his father's fame—
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry—
Hard enterprise! and well he might requi
Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:
But, met upon the scout, the' Etolian prir
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.
... Turnus view'd the Trojan from

As when loud Boreas, with his blustering trair,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main:
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on the' Ægæan shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;
His crest of horse's hair is blown behind
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain,
And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,
The coursers frighted, and their course control'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and held
Against his threatening foe his ample shield,
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cried in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than to' enlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

Of healing arts, before Phœbean bays
Propp'd on his lance the pensive he
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mou
The fam'd physician tucks his robes a
With ready hands, and hastens to the
With gentle touches he performs his p
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art.
All softening simples, known of sove
He presses out, and pours their noble
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain—
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in v
Then to the patron of his art he pray
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to th
The' alarm grows hotter, and the nois
The driving dust proclaims the danger
And first their friends, and then their fo

gh is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple
crown'd)—
known to wounded goats; a sure relief
aw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews
extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
odorous panacee. Unseen she stands,
ering the mixture with her heavenly hands,
pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
juice of med'cinal herbs prepar'd to bathe
the wound.
eech, unknowing of superior art
h aids the cure, with this foments the part;
n a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
h'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
teel, but scarely touch'd with tender hands,
s up, and follows of its own accord;
health and vigour are at once restor'd.
first perceiv'd the closing wound;
first the footsteps of a god he found.
s! arms! (he cries) the sword and shield prepare,
send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
urt's effect, but done by hands divine.
god our general to the battle sends:
god preserves his life for greater ends.'
e hero arms in haste, his hands infold
highs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
n'd to fight and rushing to the field,
hand sustaining the celestial shield,
gripes the lance, and with such vigour shakes,
to the rest the beamy weapon quakes,

Thou, when thy riper years shall
To toils of war, be mindful of n
Assert thy birthright; and in an
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas
He said; and, striding, issued
Anteus and Mnestheus, and a nu
Attend his steps: the rest their
And, crowding to the field, the c
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd
Labours beneath their feet the tr
Now Turnus, posted on a hill,
Beheld the progress of the movin
With him the Latins view'd the c
And the chill blood ran backward
Juturna saw the' advancing troop
And heard the hostile sound, and
Æneas leads: and draws a sweep
[illegible]

Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' band.
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, the' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the fields the frighted Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few.
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien,
And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.
As the black swallow near the palace plies:
O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
he steers a various course among the foes;
low here, now there, her conquering brother
shows;
ow with a strait, now with a wheeling flight,
e turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
neas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
d seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
runs within a narrower ring, and tries
stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
e but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
far away the Daunian hero bears.

The weapon hiss'd above his head
The waving plume which on his h
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir
That flying Turnus still declin'd t
The prince, whose piety had long
His inborn ardour, now invades t
Invokes the powers of violated p
Their rites and injur'd altars to re
Then, to his rage abandoning the
With blood and slaughter'd bodie
What god can tell, what numb
The various labours of that fatal
What chiefs and champions fell o
In combat slain, or by what deat
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan
Who shar'd the fame and fortune
Jove! could'st thou view, and not

Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, Tanaïs, Talus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest—
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew; nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menœtes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,
But wisely from the' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his house: his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown:
The laurels crackle in the sputtering fire;
The frighted silvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor less destruction make.
With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field;
And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:

betwixt the wheels
His living load, his d
His starting steeds, t
Paw down his trample
Fierce Hyllus thre
Affronted Turnus in
The prince encounter
And at his temples ai
So fatally the flying w
That through his brass
Nor, Cisseus, could'st t
In vain the strongest o
Nor to Cupentus could
Availing aid against the
Which to his naked hea
Nor could his plated shi
Iölus fell, whom not
Nor great subverter of

Sea-born Mezentius, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike; they push; they throng the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace:
And, where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave the' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town:
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views the' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.
Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height;
The crowding troops about their general stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay,
Jove is with us; and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare,
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the sky,
Shall, level with the plain, in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires:
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires."

And clouds of massive arms obscure the
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heaven his pious h
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith the' Ausoni
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'
And twice the rites of holy peace profa

Dissenting clamours in the town arise
Each will be heard, and all at once advi
One part for peace, and one for war, co
Some would exclude their foes, and s
their friends.
The helpless king is hurried in the thro
And (whate'er tide prevails) is borne alo

Thus, when the swain, within a hollo
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke
They run around, or labour on their wit
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy

Once more she storms aloud, but still in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she lothes the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And curses the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods; she beats her breast;
She rents with both her hands her purple vest:
Then roquil a beam a running noose she tied,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks: the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumour fills the public place:
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard besmears;
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon reduc'd to change what he so well designed—
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains;
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying courses please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.

Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls t
She, who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: 'Neglect, my lord, these new t
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your
There want not others to defend the wal
If by your rival's hand the' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppr
In honour equal, equal in success.'

To this, the prince: 'O sister!—for l
The peace infring'd proceeded first from
I knew you, when you mingled first in fi
And now in vain you would deceive my
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heaven involv'
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the pl
For to what power can Turnus have rec
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?

Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to complete my shame?
How will the Latians hoot their champion's flight!
How Drances will insult, and point them to the sight!
Is death so hard to bear?—Ye gods below!
(Since those above so small compassion show)
Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.'
He said: and, while he spoke, with flying speed
Came Sages urging on his foamy steed:
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
'Turnus! on you, on you alone, depends
Our last relief:—compassionate your friends!
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms invests, with flames invades, the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire.
All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice
Doubts to deliver or defend the town,
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On every side surrounded by the foe,
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.'
Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, *boiling* from the bottom of his breast,
And *sorrow* mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;

Which his own hands on beams and rafters ra
And bridges laid above to join the space,
And wheels below to roll from place to place
'Sister! the Fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune s
The fight is fix'd: nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage, before I die.'
He said: and, leaping down without delay,
Through crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
[illegible] crag to crag, from steep to steep

st stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
: cries aloud, to make the combat cease;
:utulians, hold! and, Latin troops, retire!
e fight is mine; and me the gods require.
s just that I should vindicate alone
e broken truce, or for the breach atone.
is day shall free from wars the' Ausonian state,
finish my misfortunes in my fate.'
Both armies from their bloody work desist,
d, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
e Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
e welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
›n leaves the taken works and mounted walls:
:edy of war where greater glory calls,
springs to fight, exulting in his force;
; jointed armour rattles in the course.
:e Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
father Apennine, when, white with snows,
head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
l shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, over-aw'd, surcease the fight;
noveable their bodies, fix'd their sight;
n Death stands still; nor from above they throw
:ir darts, nor drive their battering-rams below.
silent order either army stands,
l drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
:' Ausonian king beholds, with wondering sight,
› mighty champions match'd in single fight,
:a under climes remote, and brought by fate
:a swords to try their titles to the state.
ow, in clos'd field, each other from afar
' *vi*ew; and, rushing on, begin the war. [meet,
*la*unch their spears; then hand to hand they
mbling soil resounds beneath their feet:

With horns adverse they meet: the keepe
Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll th
And wait the' event—which victor they s
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow th
wood:
Such was the combat in the listed ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shield
Jove sets the beam: in either scale he
The champions' fate, and each exactly w
On this side, life, and lucky chance, asce
Loaded with death, that other scale desc
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aim
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either
As hopes and fears their panting hearts

This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held:
But, vain against the great Vulcanian shield,
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd:
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace—
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse—
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.
Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears,
Still opening, following still, where'er he steers:
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is the' ascent, and, if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey;
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear:
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air:
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats

Or death of Turnus, now depends t
Within the space, an olive-tree ha
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' g
Here hung the vests, and tablets we
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck
With heedless hands the Trojans fell
To make the ground inclos'd for com
Deep in the root, whether by fate, o
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove hi
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force in
The' encumber'd spear from the tem
That, whom his fainting limbs pursu
His flying weapon might from far att
Confus'd with fear, bereft of hum
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to F
'O Faunus! pity! and thou, mother
Where I the foster-son received — I

ated shape, restor'd
g prince his Dunnian sword.
ve—who, with disdain and grief,
mph afford this prompt relief—
spring with a greater deed,
root the lingering weapon freed.
ect, the rival chiefs advance:
word, and one the pointed lance;
'd alike to try their fatal chance.
erial Jove to Juno spoke,
ing cloud beheld the shock:
st, O queen of heaven! is sent
es now labouring in the' event?
pes are left thee to pursue?
nd thou know'st it too),
these celestial seats is due.
mpts for Turnus can be made,
interest in this lonely shade?
f the due respect
ur of a god elect,
thy of our state to feel,
n hands, and earthly steel?
the sister should restore
, when one was lost before,
quer'd wretch against his con-

nt thy knowledge and avow,
lictate, durst Juturna do?
ence to my love, forbear,
thy soul this anxious care:
y breast, thy grief unload:
eve the goddess, but the god?
o their utmost aves tend,
ates to their appointed end,

Toss'd on the ...
And, driv'n ashore, with hostile ...
Deform the royal house; and, from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride
Now cease at my command.' The thunderer
And with dejected eyes this answer Juno mad
'Because your dread decree too well I knew,
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I with
Else should you not behold me here, alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan
But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life,
At least to try; but (by the Stygian lake—
The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw
And now, resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I lothe the fight
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand),
... and for your father's land,

Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes):
'Can Saturn's issue, and heaven's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood, the' Ausonian people, sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue:
The Trojans to their customs shall be tied:
I will myself their common rites provide:
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.'
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.
The peace thus made, the thunderer next prepares
To force the watery goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three daughters, at a birth, were born to Night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indued with windy wings, to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.
In Heaven the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath, and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.

Shot through the clouds the [illegible]
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in vi
And from afar her destin'd quarry knev
Contracted, to the boding bird she tur
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallo
And beats about the tombs with night
Where songs obscene on sepulchres sh
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightf
The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er hi
A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with ho
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew the' ill omen, by her screar
And stridor of her wing. Amaz'd with
Her beauteous breast she beat, and re
hair.
'Ah me! (she cries) in this unequal s

l he for this exempt my life from fate?
ard conditions of immortal state!
ugh born to death, not privileg'd to die,
: forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
ıe back your envious bribes, and let me go
npanion to my brother's ghost below!
joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
life immortal, but immortal pains.
at earth will open her devouring womb,
rest a weary goddess in the tomb?'
drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
t in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,
n plung'd into her stream, with deep despair;
d her last sobs came bubbling up in air.
Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
ainst his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
'hat further subterfuge can Turnus find?
at empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
s not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
t with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
ry thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
at skill and courage can attempt in war:
sh for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
hid within the hollow earth to lie!' [reply:
e champion shook his head, and made this short
lo threats of thine my manly mind can move:
s hostile heaven I dread, and partial Jove.'
said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
e mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
en, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
antique stone he saw, the common bound
neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground—
vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
e' *enormous* weight from earth could hardly raise.

The stone drops from his arms, and, h
For want of vigour, mocks his vain ef
And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd th
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of fo
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the co
In vain we heave for breath; in vain
The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual stren
And on the tongue the faltering accen
So Turnus far'd: whatever means he
All force of arms, and points of art en
The Fury flew athwart, and made the'
void.
A thousand various thoughts his soul
He star'd about; nor aid nor issue fou
His own men stop the pass; and his
surround.
Once more he panses, and looks out a
And seeks the goddess-charioteer in v

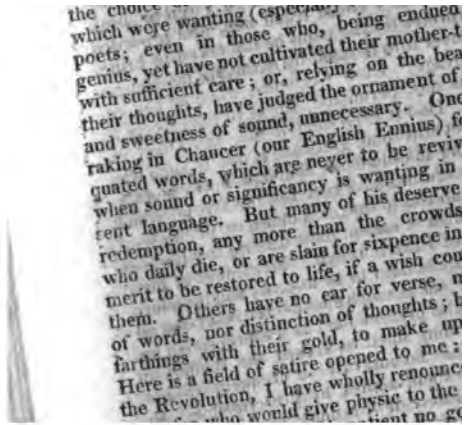
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from battering-engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
Nought could his sevenfold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
It pierc'd through all, and with a grisly wound
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
'I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think, oh, think! if mercy may be shown
(Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son)—
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And, for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life:
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.'
In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoil which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries,
Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes)—

And the disdainful soul came rushing
wound.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE READER.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion, of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged



tioned. In the meantime, I am obliged
: to return my thanks to many of them,
ot only distinguished me from others of
irty, by a particular exception of grace,
it considering the man, have been boun-
poet—have encouraged Virgil to speak
h as I could teach him, and rewarded
ter for the pains he has taken in bring-
r into Britain, by defraying the charges
ge. Even Cerberus, when he had re-
sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to
Had it been offered me, and I had re-
t still some gratitude is due to such who
g to oblige me: but how much more to
whom I have received the favours which
offered to one of a different persuasion!
hom I cannot omit naming the Earls of
l of Peterborough. To the first of these
the honour to be known; and therefore,
ty was as much unexpected, as it was un-
The present Earl of Peterborough has
ed long since to accept the tenders of
: his favours are so frequent to me,
ive them almost by prescription. No
of interests or opinion has been able to
his protection from me: and I might
condemned for the most unthankful of
if I did not always preserve for him a
und respect and inviolable gratitude. I
add, that, if the last Æneid shine
s fellows, it is owing to the commands of
n Trumball, one of the principal secre-
tate, who recommended it, as his favour-
care; and for his sake particularly I

Neither am I to forget ...
was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Es
son of the late Archbishop of York
began this work, enriched me with
editions of Virgil, and all the co
those editions in Latin; amongst v
not but prefer the Dauphin's, as
shortest, and the most judicious.
also sent me from Italy; but either
Virgil very imperfectly, or I have
of my author.

Being invited by that worthy
William Bowyer, to Denham Cour
the first Georgic at his house, a
part of the last Æneïd. A more
tainment no man ever found. No
fore, if both those versions surpa
... satisfaction I received

ve in both, if I durst presume to criticise my
ıter.

3y a letter from William Walsh, of Abberley,
|. (who has so long honoured me with his friend-
), and who, without flattery, is the best critic
our nation) I have been informed that his
ıce. the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a
ıted copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six
t Æneïds, from my bookseller, and has read
m in the country, together with my friend.
is noble person having been pleased to give
m a commendation, which I presume not to
ert, has made me vain enough to boast of so
at a favour, and to think I have succeeded be-
d my hopes; the character of his excellent
gment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general
wledge of good letters, being known as well
all the world, as the sweetness of his disposi-
, his humanity, his easiness of access, and de-
of obliging those who stand in need of his
tection, are known to all who have approached
, and to me in particular, who have formerly
the honour of his conversation. Whoever has
en the world the translation of part of the third
rgic, which he calls The Power of Love, has
me to sufficient pains to make my own not
rior to his; as my Lord Roscommon's Silenus
formerly given me the same trouble. The
t ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also
n as troublesome to me as the other two, and
the same account: after his Bees, my latter
rm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's
ise of a Country Life is excellent, but is rather
nitation of Virgil, than a version. That I

always been ready ... one of them, who endeavoured to had it not in his power.

I desire pardon from my readers much in relation to myself, which them; and, with my acknowledgme subscribers, have only to add, that which follow, are *par manière d' acq* had obliged myself by articles to d that kind. These scattering obser ther guesses at my author's meanin sages, than proofs that so he m learned may have recourse to an tionary in English, for the nam places, or fables, which the learne that little which I say, is either ne and the first of these qualificatio invite a reader, if not to please hi

DRYDEN'S

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON

VIRGIL'S WORKS IN ENGLISH.

PASTORAL I. Page 39, line 24.

There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd.

Virgil means Octavius Cæsar, heir to Julius; who perhaps had not arrived to his twentieth year, when Virgil saw him first. '*Of heavenly birth*,' or heavenly blood; because the Julian family was derived from Iülus, son to Æneas, and grandson to Venus.

PASTORAL II. P. 44, l. 19.

The short narcissus———

That is, of short continuance.

PASTORAL III. P. 49, l. 27.

For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep.

Phœbus, not Pan, is here called the god of shepherds. The poet alludes to the same story which he *touches in* the beginning of the second Georgic, *where he calls* Phœbus the Amphrysian shepherd,

in Latin ... ,

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere ...

I have translated the passage to this
the infant, smiling on his mother, sing
from the rest of the company about
thræus, Bembus, and Joseph Scaliger
opinion. Yet they and I may be mi
immediately after, we find these wo
risere parentes, which imply another
the parents smiled on the new-born
that the babe on whom they vouch
smile, was born to ill fortune: for
story, that when Vulcan, the only so
and Juno, came into the world, he
favoured, that both his parents frow
and Jupiter threw him out of heave
the island Lemnos, and was lame eve

... of the Pastoral seems t

[redacted] with a bowl of nectar. The matter is of
[redacted] consequence; and, therefore, I adhere to
anslation, for these two reasons: first, Virgil
is following line,

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses,

ne infant's smiling on his mother was a reward
for bearing him ten months in her body, four
longer than the usual time. Secondly, Catul-
cited by Joseph Scaliger, as favouring this
n, in his Epithalamium of Manlius Torquatus:

Torquatus, volo, parvulus,
Matris è gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulcè rideat ad patrem, &c.

it if I should steer betwixt the two extremi-
nd conclude that the infant, who was to be
must not only smile on his parents, but also
n him? For Scaliger notes, that the infants
miled not at their birth, were observed to
λαστοι or sullen (as I have translated it),
all their life; and Servius, and almost all the
l commentators, affirm, that no child was
t fortunate, on whom his parents smiled not
birth. I observe, further, that the ancients
t the infant who came into the world at the
the tenth month, was born to some extraor-
fortune, good or bad. Such was the birth
late Prince of Condé's father, of whom
ther was not brought to bed, till almost
months were expired after his father's
yet the college of physicians, at Paris,
ed he was lawfully begotten. My inge-

after the [illegible]
to the child, alluding to it.

PASTORAL VI. My Lord Rosc
on this Pastoral are equal to his ex
tion of it; and thither I refer the re

The Eighth and Tenth PASTORA
translated to all manner of advants
cellent friend Mr. Stafford. So is
Camilla, in the Eleventh Æneïd.

This Eighth Pastoral is copied
from two Bucolics of Theocritus.
followed both Virgil and Theocritu
which he employs for curing Bri
love. But he had also our poet's C
for there not only the enchantm
found, but also the very name of I

In the Ninth PASTORAL, Virgi
lection of many scattering passag

some: Virgil's address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last lines of this Georgic, I think I have discovered a secret compliment to the emperor, which none of the commentators have observed. Virgil had just before described the miseries which Rome had undergone betwixt the triumvirs and the commonwealth party: in the close of all, he seems to excuse the crimes committed by his patron Cæsar, as if he were constrained, against his own temper, to those violent proceedings, by the necessity of the times in general, but more particularly by his two partners, Antony and Lepidus—

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

They were the headstrong horses, who hurried Octavius, the trembling charioteer, along; and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe further, that the wars, in which all Europe and part of Asia are engaged at present, are waged in the same places here described:

Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania, bellum, &c.

as if Virgil had prophesied of this age.

GEORGIC II. The Praises of Italy, (translated by the learned and every way excellent Mr. Chetwood) which are printed in one of my Miscellany Poems, are the greatest ornament of this book: wherein, for want of sufficient skill in gardening, agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some terms. But, concerning grafting, my honoured friend Sir William Bowyer has assured me, that *Virgil has* shown more of poetry than skill,

England: it contains not above five
the compass of Alcinoüs's garden, descr
Odysses); but Virgil says, in this very
——— *Laudato ingentia rura;*
Exiguum colito.

GEORGIC III. P. 159, l. 1.

Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,

It has been objected to me, that I
not this passage of Virgil, because I ca
a river, which is a mountain in Arm
the river arising from the same moun
called Niphates: and, having spoken
fore, I might reasonably think that V
meant to couple two rivers, than a r
mountain.

P. 164, l. 17.

altation in the sign Aries: Virgil perfectly un rstood both astronomy and astrology.

GEORGIC IV. P. 185, l. 22.

That, when the youthful prince———

My most ingenious friend, Sir Henry Shere, has bserved through a glass hive, that the young rince of the bees, or heir presumptive of the rown, approaches the king's apartment with great verence; and, for three successive mornings, de- ands permission to lead forth a colony of that ear's bees. If his petition be granted (which he eems to make by humble hummings), the swarm ises under his conduct. If the answer be, *le i s'avisera*—that is, if the old monarch think it t convenient for the public good to part with many of his subjects—the next morning the ace is found dead before the threshold of the ace.

. 199, l. 16. The poet here records the names of n river-nymphs; and for once I have translated all. But in the Æneïs I thought not myself ed to be so exact; for, in naming many men were killed by heroes, I have omitted some, would not sound in English verse.

05, l. 1. The episode of Orpheus and Eury- gins here, and contains the only machine Virgil uses in the Georgics. I have ob- in the epistle before the Æneïs, that our eldom employs machines but to adorn his nd that the action which they seemingly *is really* produced without them. Of e *is* the legend of the bees restored by

In order to this, ...
Silence and Discord—the first to
Christian army to relieve the town, w
secresy, that their march should not b
—the latter to enter the camp of the
there to sow dissention among the pri
manders. The heavenly messenger t
to an ancient monastery—not doubt
find Silence in her primitive abode—
of Silence, finds Discord: the mon
vided into factions about the choice
officer, were at *snic* and *snee* with
knives. The satire needs no expla
here it may be also observed, that
lousy, and worldly interest, and poi
had made variance both in the clo
camp; and strict discipline had don
Silence, in conducting the Christian

tically speaking, the *fields of air* are under mmand of Juno, and her vicegerent Æolus, hen does Neptune call them his? I answer; se, being god of the seas, Æolus could raise pest in the atmosphere above them without ve. But why does Juno address to her own tute? I answer; He had an immediate power he winds whom Juno desires to employ on venge. That power was absolute by land; Virgil plainly insinuates: for, when Boreas s brethren were let loose, he says at first, *turbine perflant*—then adds, *Incubuere mari.* se a tempest on the sea, was usurpation on erogative of Neptune, who had given him ive, and therefore was enraged at his at-. I may also add, that they who are in a n, as Neptune then was, are apt to assume mselves more than is properly their due.

17, l. 21.

O virgin ——— &c.
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train——

1 the original—

) quam te memorem, virgo——
in Phœbi soror, an nympharum sanguinis una?

s is a family compliment, which Æneas here vs on Venus. His father Anchises had used ry same to that goddess when he courted This appears by that very ancient Greek ', in which that amour is so beautifully de-

[1] The Hymn on Venus.

This, I confess, is improperly ... cording to the modern fashion of si But the ancient custom of lying on been understood by the unlearned r

ÆNEID II. The destruction of shadowed under that of Troy. Li scription of it, seems to have en prose, and almost equalled, the bea verse.

ÆNEID III. P. 175, l. 23.

And children's children shall the crowi

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur

Virgil translated this verse from had it from Orpheus, and Orpheus

ses should succeed. Venus, therefore, (says storian) was desirous to have a son by An-, though he was then in his decrepit age: ac-igly she had Æneas. After this, she sought on to ruin the race of Priam, and set on foot trigue of Alexander (or Paris) with Helena. eing ravished, Venus pretended still to favour rojans, lest they should restore Helen, in case should be reduced to the last necessity. ce it appears, that the controversy betwixt and Venus was on no trivial account, but rned the succession to a great empire.

EID IV. P. 34, l. 12.

' And must I die,' she said,
' And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.'

is certainly the sense of Virgil, on which I araphrased, to make it plain. His words are

Moriemur inultæ?
ed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

rius makes an interrogation at the word *sic*: *sic? Sic juvat ire sub umbras*; which Mr. y justly censures: but his own judgment erhaps be questioned; for he would retrench ter part of the verse, and leave it a hemistich *moriamur, ait*. That Virgil never intended e left any hemistich, I have proved already preface. That this verse was filled up by ith these words, *sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras*, probable, if we consider the weight of them. s *procedure* of Dido does not only contain

his accurate description of [illegible]
ing themselves, will find a great
twixt these two passages. And
observed upon that verse,

Nulla fides populis nec fœder

that Virgil uses, in the word *sunt*
a form of speaking on solemn a
sions. Livy does the like. No
puts herself into the *habitus G*
the girding herself round with
vest; which is also according t
tifical, in this dreadful ceremon
served; which is a further c
conjecture. So that, upon the
only doubts whether she should
taken her revenge, which she
considering that this devoting
[illegible] way of c

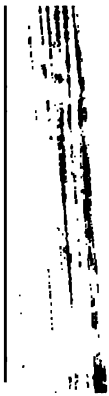
nse of Virgil. I should have added a note on at former verse,

Infelix Dido! nunc te fata impia tangunt—

hich, in the edition of Heinsius, is thus printed, *nc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta*, in- ead of *fata*, is reasonably altered: for Virgil says terwards, she died not by fate, nor by any deserv- l death—*nec fato meritâ nec morte, peribat, &c.* hen I translated that passage, I doubted of the nse, and therefore omitted that hemistich, *nunc fata impia tangunt.* But Heinsius is mistaken ıly in making an interrogation-point instead of a eriod. The words *facta impia*, I suppose, are enuine; for she had perjured herself in her second arriage, having firmly resolved, as she told her ster in the beginning of this Æneïd, never to love gain, after the death of her first husband; and ıd confirmed this resolution by a curse on herself, she should alter it—

Sed mihi vel tellus, optem, prius ima dehiscat, &c.
Ante, pudor, quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

ÆNEID V. A great part of this book is borrow- l from Apollonius Rhodius: and the reader may serve the great judgment and distinction of our thor in what he borrows from the ancients, by mparing them. I conceive the reason why he nits the horse-race in the funeral games, was be- use he shows Ascanius afterwards on horseback, ith his troops of boys, and would not wear that bject thread-bare, which Statius, in the next age, scribed so happily. Virgil seems to me to have



ÆNEID VI.

The next, in place and punishment, ar
Who prodigally threw their lives awa
Proxima sorte tenent mœsti loca, q
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque
Projecere animas, &c.

This was taken, amongst many
the tenth book of *Plato de Re*
mentator, besides Fabrini, has t
Self-murder was accounted a gr
divine philosopher; but the ir
brings are too many to be inse
notes. Sir Robert Howard, in
this Æneid, which was printed
the year 1660, has given us the
the most judicious observations
are extant in our language [1].

P. 96. l. 8.

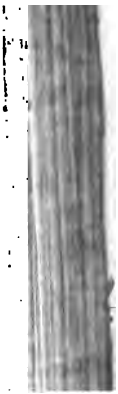
—'I will withdraw from your company, retire to the shades, and perform my penance of a thousand years.' But I must confess, the interpretation of those two words, *explebo numerum*, is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum;* that is, I will lessen your company by my departure: for Deïphobus, being a ghost, can hardly be said to be of their number. Perhaps the poet means by *explebo numerum, absolvam sententiam;* as if Deïphobus replied to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long visit, 'I will only take my last leave of Æneas, my kinsman and my friend, with one hearty good wish for his health and welfare, and then leave you to prosecute your voyage.' That wish is expressed in the words immediately following, *I, decus, i, nostrum, &c.* which contain a direct answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long discourse, *nos flendo ducimus horas.* This conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the reader.

P. 103, l. 28.

Know first, that heaven, and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, &c.

Principio cœlum, et terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra, &c.

Here the sun is not expressed, but the moon only, though a less, and also a less radiant, light. Perhaps the copies of Virgil are all false, and that, instead of *Titaniaque astra*, he writ *Titanaque, et astra; and* according to these words I have made *my translation.* It is most certain that the sun



and by which it exerts itse
Now it was the received hy
Pythagoreans, that the sun wa
of the world. Plato had it
himself of the same opinion,
sage in the *Timæus*: from wh
this part of Virgil's poem tak

P. 109, l. 4.

Great Cato there, for gravi
Quis te, magne Cato, &c.

There is no question but V
Major, or the censor. But
ing also mentioned in the e
whether he means the same
have said in the preface, tha
publican principles: and ha

Our author is too frugal of his words and sense, to commit tautologies in either. His memory was not likely to betray him into such an error. Nevertheless, I continue in the same opinion concerning the principles of our poet. He declares them sufficiently in this book, where he praises the first Brutus for expelling the Tarquins, giving liberty to Rome, and putting to death his own children, who conspired to restore tyranny. He calls him only an unhappy man, for being forced to that severe action—

Infelix! utcunque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

Let the reader weigh these two verses; and he must be convinced that I am in the right, and that I have not much injured my master in my translation of them.

P. 108, l. 23.

Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.

This note, which is out of its proper place, I deferred on purpose, to place it here; because it discovers the principles of our poet more plainly than any of the rest.

Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo:
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!

Anchises here speaks to Julius Cæsar, and commands *him first to* lay down his arms; which is a plain condemnation of his cause. Yet observe our

not of his blood. Thus our
his own opinion, and takes
chises; as if that ghost wou
command on Pompey also,
descended from him. Wha
ciously contrived, when this
he chose to read before his n

P. 111, l. 4.

A new Marcellus shall arise

In Virgil thus:

Tu Marcellus eris.

How unpoetically and badl
lated, '*Thou shalt Marcellus*
friends were of opinion that
of Virgil in my translation.
preter observes nothing on it

mt, the six last must of necessity be less
ct.

ow, for the false judgment of my friends, there
t this little to be said for them; the words of
l, in the verse preceding, are these,

——— *Siquâ fata aspera rumpas—*

the poet had meant, 'if you break through
hard destiny, so as to be born, you shall be
l Marcellus:' but this cannot be the sense:
lough Marcellus was born, yet he broke not
gh those hard decrees, which doomed him to
mature a death. Much less can Virgil mean,
shall be the same Marcellus by the transmi-
on of his soul:' for, according to the system
r author, a thousand years must be first elaps-
efore the soul can return into a human body;
he first Marcellus was slain in the second
: war; and how many hundred years were
anting to the accomplishing his penance, may
ease be gathered by computing the time be-
Scipio and Augustus. By which it is plain,
Virgil cannot mean the same Marcellus; but
f his descendants, whom I call a new Marcel-
who so much resembled his ancestor, (perhaps
features and his person, but certainly in his
ary virtues) that Virgil cries out, *quantum in-
t ipso est!* which I have translated,

How like the former, and almost the same;

111, l. 18.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of *polish'd* ivory this, that of transparent horn.

il borrowed this imagination from Homer;

Cornea———

What is pervious to the sight is c
luding to this property) the poet infe
are of divine revelation. Such as pa
ivory gate, are of the contrary nat
lies. But there is a better reason
for the ivory alludes to the teeth, th
eyes. What we see is more credib
we only hear; that is, words that pa
portal of the mouth, or '*hedge of the*
is Homer's expression for *speaking*.

ÆNEID VII. P. 115, l. 32.

Strange to relate! the flames, involv'd in

Virgil, in this place, takes notice o
in the Roman divination: the lambe
rose above the head, or played about

Virgil says, that this ostent was not only *mirabile visu*, but *horrendum*.

P. 123, l. 25.

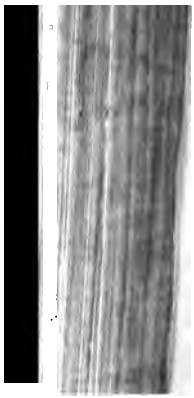
One only daughter heirs my crown and state.

This has seemed to some an odd passage: that a king should offer his daughter and heir to a stranger prince and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his coasts. But these critics have not well considered the simplicity of former times, when the heroines almost courted the marriage of illustrious men. Yet Virgil here observes the rule of decency: Lavinia offers not herself; it is Latinus who propounds the match; and he had been foretold, both by an augur and an oracle, that he should have a foreign son-in-law, who was also a hero;—fathers, in those ancient ages, considering birth and virtue, more than fortune, in the placing of their daughters; which I could prove by various examples: the contrary of which being now practised, I dare not say in our nation, but in France, has not a little darkened the lustre of their nobility. That Lavinia was averse to this marriage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

P. 143, l. 11.

——— And where Abella sees,
From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.

I observe that Virgil names not Nola, which was not far distant from Abella; perhaps, because that city (the same in which Augustus died afterwards) had once refused to give him entertainment, if we



nimself, much disobliged.

ÆNEID VIII. P. 148,

So, when the sun by day, o
Strike on the polish'd brass

This similitude is litera
Rhodius; and it is hard to
or the translation excels.
he describes afterwards in
transcends his master Hon
cus were richer than thos
χαλκειων.

P. 151, l. 1.

Æneas takes the mother
And all on Juno's altar a

The translation

ÆNEID IX.. P. 31, l. 15.

At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.

The first of these lines is all of monosyllables, d both verses are very rough; but of choice; for had been easy for me to have smoothed them. ut either my ear deceives me, or they express e thing which I intended in their sound: for the ress of a bow which is drawn to the full extent, expressed in the harshness of the first verse, ogged not only with monosyllables, but with nsonants: and these words, '*the tough yew*,' hich conclude the second line, seem as forceful, they are unharmonious. Homer and Virgil are th frequent in their adapting sounds to the thing ey signify. One example will serve for both; ecause Virgil borrowed the following verses from omer's Odysses.

Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.

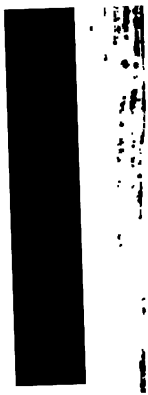
Συν δ' Ευρος τε, Νοτος τε πεσον, Ζεφυρος τε δυσαης,
Και Βορης αιθριγενετης, μεγα κυμα κυλισδων.

Our language is not often capable of these beau- es; though sometimes I have copied them; of hich these verses are an instance.

P. 38, l. 27.

—— His ample shield
Is falsified, and round with javelins fill'd.

When I read this Æneid to many of my friends company together, most of them quarrelled a



has often Grecised: Lucretius
example; and pleaded for it—

Sic quia me cogit patrii serm

Virgil has confirmed it by his
and even Cicero in prose, wantin
sophy in the Latin tongue, has
Aristotle's Greek. Horace has
coining words, *si Græco fonte c*
when other words are joined
explain the sense. I use the w
place, to mean that the shield o
of proof against the spears and ja
jans, which had pierced it thro
(as we say) in many places.
accompany this new one, make
according to the precept whi

javelins; *nec sufficit umbo ictibus.* They who will not admit a new word, may take the old: the matter is not worth dispute.

ÆNEID X. P. 49, l. 32.

A choir of Nereids, &c.

These were transformed from ships to sea-nymphs. This is almost as violent a machine, as the death of Aruns by a goddess in the episode of Camilla. But the poet makes use of it with greater art; for here it carries on the main design. These new-made divinities not only tell Æneas what had passed in his camp during his absence, and what was the present distress of his besieged people, and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle the next day, and foretel him good success: so that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem; for, besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigour, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take the enemy more unprovided to resist the landing: whereas the machine relating to Camilla is only ornamental; for it has no effect, which I can find, but to please the reader, who is concerned that her death should be revenged.

P. 47, l. 29.

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing.

The poet here begins to tell the names of the *Tuscan captains* who followed Æneas to the war:

[illegible] oblige many o
Roman families, their descend
seventh book, he mustered th
the Latins on the same accou
fies his Tuscan friends with th
of their ancestors; and, above
his great patron, who, being
Etruria, was probably repres
the names here mentioned, the
Romans, though, at so great a
to us. And, for his sake chi
makes Æneas (by whom he alwa
to seek for aid in the country
by to endear his protector to
there had been a former frien
lines. And who knows, but
tend that the Cilnian family
Tarchon, the chief commander

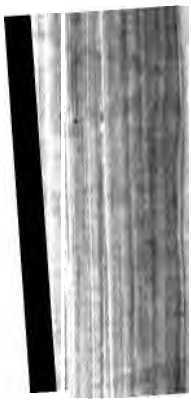
here Venus complains that her descendant, Julius esar, was in danger of being murdered by Brutus d Cassius, at the head of the commonwealth-he- on, and desires [*the gods*] to prevent that barba- us assassination. They are moved to compassion; ey are concerned for Cæsar; but the poet plainly lls us, that it was not in their power to change des- ny. All they could do, was to testify their sorrow r his approaching death, by foreshowing it with ns and prodigies, as appears by the following es—

Talia necquidquam toto Venus anxia cœlo
Verbajacit; superosque movet: qui rumpere quamquam
Ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
Signa tamen luctûs dant haud incerta futuri.

Then she addresses to her father Jupiter, hoping d from him, because he was thought omnipotent. ut he, it seems, could do as little as the rest; r he answers thus:

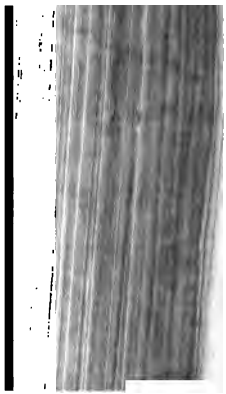
——————— *tola insuperabile Fatum,*
Nata, movere paras? Intres licet ipsa sororum
Tecta trium; cernes illic, molimine vasto,
Ex ære et solido rerum tabularia ferro,
Quæ neque concursum cœli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuunt ullas, tuta atque æterna, ruinas.
Invenies illic, incisa adamante perenni,
Fata tui generis. Legi ipse, animoque notavi;
Et referam, ne sis ethammum ignara futuri.
Hic sua complevit (pro quo, Cytherea, laboras)
Tempora, perfectis, quos terræ debuit, annis, &c.

Jupiter, you see, is only library-keeper, or *ustos rotulorum*, to the Fates: for he offers his *ughter* a cast of his office, to give her a sight of



ne saw convenient: and
in those words, *tua, qui*,
the abode of those De
cannot wonder why th
an inviolable oath amor
and that Jupiter himself
of forgery by the Fates,
their decrees: Chaos, N
the most ancient of the
those fundamental laws, b
to govern. Hesiod gives
gods; and I think I may
will only add, that Homer
Virgil: for it has been c
Τυχη, or *Fortune*, is not
poems; but instead of it,

enth Æneid, she left her father (who had
d her to Æneas without asking her consent),
owed her mother into the woods, with a
f Bacchanals, where Amata sung the mar-
ng, in the name of Turnus; which, if she
liked, she might have opposed. Then, in
enth Æneïd, when her mother went to the
of Pallas, to invoke her aid against Æneas,
she calls by no better name than *Phrygius*
Lavinia sits by her in the same chair or
extaque comes Lavinia virgo—oculos dejecta
What greater sign of love, than fear and
ment for the lover? In the lines which I
oted, she not only sheds tears, but changes
She had been bred up with Turnus; and
was wholly a stranger to her. Turnus, in
lity, was her first love, and favoured by
her, who had the ascendant over her father.
m much deceived, if (besides what I have
ere be not a secret satire against the sex,
s lurking under this description of Virgil,
lom speaks well of women—better indeed
lla, than any other—for he commends her
nd valour—because he would concern the
or her death. But valour is no very pro-
se for womankind; and beauty is common
sex. He says also somewhat of Andro-
but transiently: and his Venus is a better
than a wife; for she owns to Vulcan she
on by another man. The rest are Junos,
Didos, Amatas, two mad prophetesses,
arpies on earth, and as many Furies under
This fable of Lavinia includes a secret moral;
men, in their choice of husbands, prefer the



Sea-born Messa
The Latin squa

The poet had s
Mnestheus, Seres
jans, the Tuscans,
the printed copie
any leader of the
sapus the son of N
this passage, and se
no reason, why Me
jutor.

The four verses o

Tota ades converse
Omnes Dardanidæ
Et Messapus equis
Tuscorumque phala

In general I observe, not only in this Æneïd, but in all the six last books, that Æneas is never seen on horseback; and but once before, as I remember, in the fourth, when he hunts with Dido. The reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret compliment which the poet made to his countrymen the Romans, the strength of whose armies consisted most in foot; which, I think, were all Romans and Italians. But their wings or squadrons were made up of their allies, who were foreigners.

P. 158, l. 23.

This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land, &c.

The words in the original are these,

Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum.

Virgil very artfully uses here the word *majestas*, which the Romans loved so well, that they appropriated it to themselves—*Majestas populi Romani*. This title, applied to kings, is very modern; and that is all I will say of it at present, though the word requires a larger note. In the word *tuorum* is included the sense of my translation, '*Your father's land*,' because Saturn, the father of Jove, had governed that part of Italy, after his expulsion from Crete. But that on which I most insist, is the address of the poet, in this speech of Juno. Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the preface, that whatever the common opinion was, concerning the descent of the Romans from *the Trojans*, yet the ancient customs, rites, laws, *and habits of* those Trojans were wholly lost, and

our author and his friend Hor
gustus from rebuilding Troy, a
the seat of empire, a design s
Romans? But of this I am no
I have not consulted Dacier,
critics, to ascertain the time in
the ode relating to that subject

P. 159, l. 22.

Deep in the dismal regions void of
Three daughters, at a birth, were b

The father of these (not he
Acheron: the names of the t
Megæra, and Tisiphone. They
in hell, on earth Harpies, an
Two of these assisted at the th
were employed by

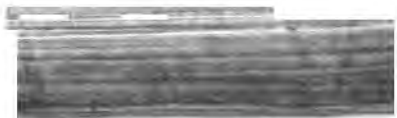
her in hell, in the sixth Æneïd, employed in the punishment of the damned,

Continuo sontes ultrix, accincta flagello,
Tisiphone quatit insultans, &c.

yet afterwards she is on earth in the tenth Æneïd, and amidst the battle,

Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia sævit—

which I guess to be Tisiphone, the rather, by the etymology of her name, which is compounded of τιω *ulciscor*, and φονος *cædes;* part of her errand being to affright Turnus with the stings of a guilty conscience, and denounce vengeance against him for breaking the first treaty, by refusing to yield Lavinia to Æneas, to whom she was promised by her father—and, consequently, for being the author of an unjust war; and also for violating the second treaty, by declining the single combat, which he had stipulated with his rival, and called the gods to witness before their altars. As for the names of the Harpies (so called on earth), Hesiod tells us they were Iris, Aëllo, and Ocypete. Virgil calls one of them Celæno; this, I doubt not, was Alecto, whom Virgil calls, in the third Æneïd, *Furiarum maxima*, and in the sixth again by the same name—*Furiarum maxima juxta Accubat.* That she was the chief of the Furies, appears by her description in the seventh Æneïd; to which, for haste, I refer the reader.

FINIS.

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